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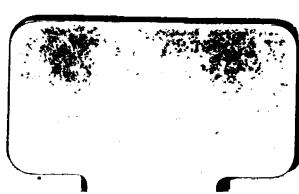

THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
WILLIAM LISTER, SUTTON STREET,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.

1865.

LONDON:
T. DANKS, CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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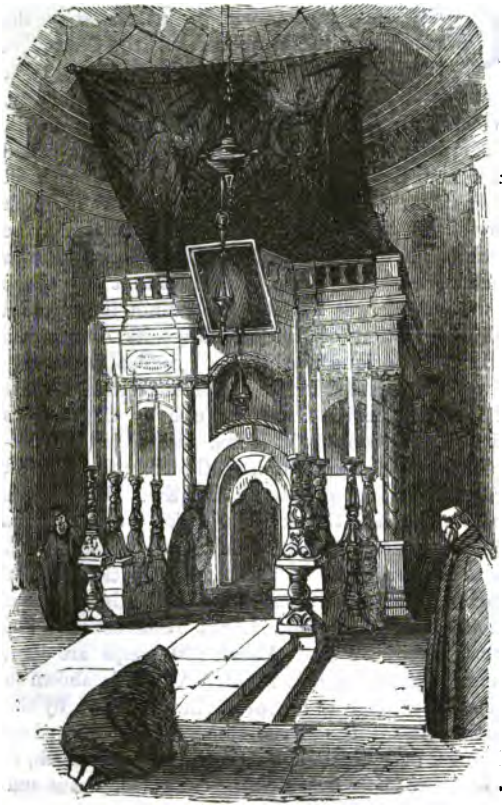


THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

(*With Engraving.*)

OUR young readers will be interested in the view given in the picture, of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. It is now one of the most attractive things in the city. We all know that our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, was crucified at Jerusalem, and that he was buried in a new tomb, or cave, belonging to Joseph of Arimathea. Whether the Sepulchre and the Church now shown to visitors are on the same spot may be doubted, but at all events this is certain, there was such a place somewhere, and we cannot say where it was, if this was not it. We cannot here give a full description of the building—its domes, its pillars, its antique marble, &c. Suffice it to say—it was first erected by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, or else by Constantine himself. It consists of three parts—1st, the Sepulchre; 2nd, the Church of the Holy Cross; and 3rd, the Chapel of Mount Calvary. The guides profess to show the rock in which our Saviour's tomb was situated, but it is cut away very much. Near the entrance to the tomb a block of white marble is shown as the stone on which the angel sat on the morning of our Lord's resurrection. See Matt. xxviii. 2, &c. About 200 lamps are kept burning here day and night. A rent is shown in the rock, reputed to be one of those caused by the earthquake at the Crucifixion. In the chapel of Mount Calvary are to be seen three holes which, it is said, are those in which the crosses of Jesus and

the two thieves were placed. But all the services carried on here are the merest superstition and idolatry. Monks of all nations, Eastern and Western, Latins, Greeks, Abyssinians, Nestorians, Copts, Armenians, Georgians, Maronites, and others cluster around. The organ of the Latins, the cymbals of the Abyssinians, the voice of the Greeks, the prayer of the Armenian, the plaintive accents of the Copts, alternately, night and day, assail the ear of the visitor. But true devotion and genuine religion seem to be unknown. The professed worshippers have often quarrelled till their blood has stained the floors. But we hope the day will soon dawn when a better state of things shall prevail,—when there shall stand around these interesting spots at Jerusalem the feet of crowds of devout and intelligent worshippers, who shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth,—when there shall be one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and when all shall know the Lord from the least even unto the greatest. Let us, dear young friends, all seek the favour and love of Jesus by humble prayer and true faith, and then we shall honour Him more than by building gorgeous places in which to perform the superstitious services of a fallen Church, for we shall devote to Him the living temple of the heart. May we all hereafter see Him in the mansions of the heavenly Jerusalem for ever! Amen. EDITOR.

I WANT TO PLEASE THE SAVIOUR.

I WANT to please the Saviour,
The Saviour good and kind,

And do His gentle bidding,
With ready, willing mind.
His yoke, I know, 'tis easy,
His burden, it is light;
And in His blessed service,
My soul shall find delight.

I'll try to please the Saviour;
With all my heart I'll try
In every word and action
To please my Friend on high.
I give my heart to Jesus;
I give my warmest love;
And oh! I long to serve Him
As angels serve above.

Help me to please the Saviour,
For, Lord, I'm weak and frail,
And, by thy grace unaided,
The tempter will prevail.
Help me to do my duty,
To work, and watch, and pray,
And, pilgrim-like, move onward
Along the heavenly way.

For all who please the Saviour,
He has prepared a home,
To which we are invited
By His own lips to come.
That home of Eden glory
He has prepared for me,
And there with happy angels
I'll spend eternity.

My Little Friends:—Let me say a word about the song I have written for you. You "want to please the Saviour,"—I know you do,—and you

can sing the first verse, meaning and feeling it all. But the second verse,—"I'll try to please the Saviour,"—as you sing that, will the words, "I'll try," come from your hearts, and be as sincere as your desire to please your best Friend? Can't you say it heartily, earnestly,—"I'll try to please the Saviour?" You know that Jesus asks for such a resolution; that a giving of your life to Him would be the first step towards pleasing Him. If you regularly pray or say your prayers to Jesus, you will find the prayer contained in the third verse agree with your wants. You need help. Said the Saviour to his disciples: "Without Me ye can do nothing." If you try to live a religious life, without constant dependence upon Christ, you will fail. Happy thought! for you, for you, there is prepared a beautiful heavenly home, if you succeed in pleasing the Saviour. Let me exhort you, dear children, to give your hearts to Jesus, to try earnestly to please Him, and make your life a pilgrim journey to the happy land. *Sent by* HENRY PORTNALL.

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIETY.

REMEMBER your Creator in youth—for if you do not remember Him then, your next leisure will be old age, and you know what sort of leisure that is. How foolish to calculate on a time that not one youth in ten ever sees. How fatal to calculate on a time which, were it really to come, you could turn to no account.—HAMILTON.

Harp, or *Kinnor.*

Organ, or *Gnugab.*

THE HARP AND THE ORGAN.

"PRAISE the Lord upon the harp," says holy David in Psalm xcviii. And what he exhorts others to do he used to do himself. "Yea, upon the *harp* will I praise Thee, O my God," he says at one time, Ps. xliii. 4; and at another, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise. Awake up, my glory, awake, psaltery and harp; I myself will awake right early." He had been in great trouble; but in the midst of it all felt such confidence in God, so sure of his goodness, that he felt constrained to lift up his heart and voice in a morning hymn, while he accompanied his own singing with music, sometimes upon the psaltery, and sometimes upon the harp.

At the head of this article there is a picture of the kind of harp which David is supposed to have used, with its English and Hebrew name printed underneath.

You see it has *ten strings;* for this reason it was

sometimes called the "ten-stringed instrument," Ps. xxxiii. 2. These strings were played upon sometimes with the fingers, as our harp is now, and sometimes (in after ages altogether) with a piece of quill shaped somewhat like a pen, and called a *plectrum*.

The harp seems to have been one of the earliest of all musical instruments; for it is the first mentioned in the Bible; and we are expressly told that it was found out before the flood, Gen. iv. 21.

The *organ* is mentioned at the same time: "Jubal was the father (that is, the first, the leader,) of all such as handle the harp and organ." But you must not think of such a noble instrument—made up of so many parts, and able to give so many kinds of sound—as *our* organs; for these were not found out until thousands of years after the time of Jubal. The "organ" of ancient days was a very simple thing, made of a few pieces of reed of different lengths, fastened together side by side, like what we call a French whistle. Look at the picture.

The lower ends of the seven pipes were stopped, and the instrument was played on by blowing into the other ends with the mouth, as boys sometimes whistle in a key. This instrument is mentioned in the book of Job, ch. xxi. 12; xxx. 31; and in one only of the Psalms, cl. 4.

In the same psalm there is mention made of another instrument, which it seems to us odd to use in the worship of God, because we hardly ever hear it except in military bands,—the *cymbal*. "Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals." But it was

customary in former times, not only among the Israelites, but among other nations, to employ the music of the cymbal in religious ceremonies. Their instruments, however, were not shaped exactly like ours, though played upon in the same way.

They were made of brass, somewhat like small basins; and being struck together gave a sharp, ringing sound, that could be heard a long way off. For this reason those who pretend to be Christians and make a show of outward excellence, without the true love of God and their neighbour in their hearts, are compared in the Scriptures to "sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal,"—making a great noise, but no real music. Can you tell me where this comparison is to be found?

The *pipe* (or *pipes*, as it is sometimes called,) is the last instrument we shall describe. You will find it mentioned as part of the music at the feast of the Israelites in Isaiah v. 12. In another part of the same book, the prophet tells his countrymen, "Ye shall have gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mount of the Lord, to the Mighty One of Israel," Isa. xxx. 29; which seems to refer to their custom of marching up to Jerusalem to keep the Passover, and other great festivals, in large companies, with musical instruments playing before them—just as soldiers now march, with their bands playing. To go up to God's house, to join in His worship, was the chief joy of the holy men of old; the days set apart for such meetings were the brightest in all their lives. See Ps. cxxii. and lxxxiv.

HOW MUCH DID YOUR CHILD COST YOU?

A LITTLE girl who loved the Saviour tried to follow His example of going about doing good; and many were the hearts that she cheered by her kind words and deeds, and her sunny smile, (for there are many many times when a smile will be a rich blessing to those around us). But God called her, when she was ten years old, to serve Him with the angels in glory. When they told her she was going to die, she looked up to her father, who loved her dearly, and did not know how to part with her, and said, "Dear papa, how much do I cost you every year?"

He thought the child was delirious when she asked such a question, but he answered, to soothe her, "Well dearest, perhaps forty or fifty pounds. What then, darling?"

"Because," said she, "I thought, maybe you would lay it out this year in Bibles, for poor children to remember me by."

"Yes, I will, my precious child," said the father, "I will do it every year as long as I live; and thus my Lilian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

She loved nothing so much as to serve God, and even when she lay in pain and feebleness on her dying bed, she forgot herself and her sufferings in the one thought, how she might do good to others, and glorify her Maker.

This is the spirit we want you all to have, who have been given to God as Lilian was and as Samuel was, *to be used by Him.*

JOYFUL.

DEAR LITTLE READER,—I hope you love to sing and carol this little chorus, with its beautiful thought,—"O that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more." If so, you will be pleased to know that this was almost the first of the multitude of sweet pretty melodies now sung by children in the Sabbath-school.

When I was a lad, a little book was published by Mr. Bilby and Mr. Ridgeway, two masters of infant schools, then first established, and this hymn of childhood was given us; and now what little one has not heard it, and how many have loved it in life and sung it in death.

It is a little hymn that every one should learn to sing. Thousands have learned it. Children of France sing it to other words, and children of America, across the great waters, rejoice in its sweet rhyme. May you and I, my little one, an eternity employ in praising Christ the Lord.

Now good-bye, though first I must tell you of one who when a child loved to sing this hymn on earth, and is gone to the better, brighter world.

A gentleman of talent and piety, whom I well knew, was lying on his death-bed, surrounded by his family. He bade them good-bye, and then he uttered,—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more."

His mind seemed to fall back on his early memory, and the hymns of his youth floated before his me-

mory. So it may be to you, my little one, and you may know that it will indeed be joyful, joyful, joyful,

"To meet to part no more."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

---

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.

CHORUS.

O that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above. O that, &c.

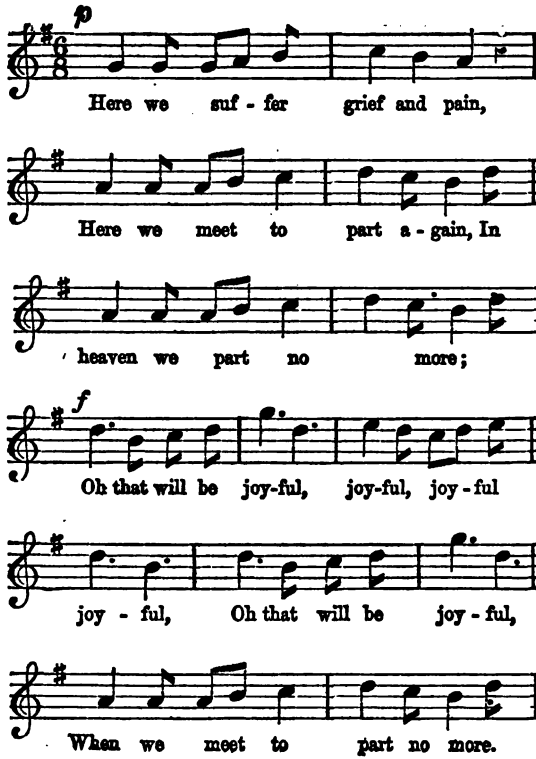
3 Holy children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath-school. O that, &c.

4 Teachers too shall meet above,
And our preachers whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more. O that, &c.

5 O how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne. O that, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord. O that, &c.

2.—JOYFUL.


p
Here we suf - fer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part a - gain, In
heaven we part no more;
f
Oh that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy - ful
joy - ful, Oh that will be joy - ful,
When we meet to part no more.

TWO ESQUIMAUX AND CHILD.

TWO ESQUIMAUX AND CHILD.

(With Engraving.)

THE Esquimaux live in a land where the snow is almost always on the ground. Indeed they may be said to live among snow. They build houses of snow; they have only a doorway into them; they have neither a window nor a chimney. In winter they hunt seals, which afford them both food and clothes. In spring they catch fish and swans, geese, ducks, and other fowls. There are great numbers of such things in those northern parts. During summer they hunt the whale, and in autumn the reindeer. There are many whales in the North Sea, and people go from different countries to catch them. Whale oil and whale bone are very useful. The Esquimaux eat the whale's flesh, which is called blubber, and they drink the oil to keep them warm; as it possesses, like all fatty substances, a property that helps to warm people that use it. The Esquimaux know very little of religion. Many of them have some sort of belief in, and dread of, evil spirits, and some other superstitious notions. It would be well if missionaries could preach to them about Jesus. What a blessing it is that we in England have the glorious gospel of Christ. Let us be thankful, and show how thankful we feel by giving and collecting to help to send missionaries everywhere. St. John saw people in heaven from every nation, kindred, and tongue. So some Esquimaux must be there; and we should pray that God, for Jesus Christ's sake, may save them all, and bring them to enjoy his grace on earth, and then his glory in heaven. EDITOR.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

IN a town of Holland there once lived a very poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, but she had none. The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that He was good; so, with her little ones around her, she earnestly prayed to Him for food. On rising from their knees, her eldest child, a boy about eight years of age, said softly, "Dear mother, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied His prophet with food brought by the ravens."

"Yes, my son," the mother answered; "but that was a very long time ago."

"But, mother, what God has done once may He not do again? I will go and unclose the door to let the birds fly in." Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of their lamp fell on the path outside.

Soon afterwards the burgomaster passed by, and noting the light, paused, and thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage, and inquired why they left the door open at night.

The widow replied, smiling, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that ravens might fly in to bring bread to my hungry children."

"Indeed!" cried the burgomaster; "then, here's a raven, my boy; come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had." So he quickly led the boy along the street to his own house, and then sent him back with food that filled his humble home with joy.

After supper, little Dirk went to the open door, and looking up, he said, "Many thanks, good

Lord;" then shut it fast again; for though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent this timely help.

MATTY'S CANARY.

When Matty was five years old, her uncle John gave her a birthday present. What do you think it was? A canary in a green cage. Matty clapped her hands with joy, and did not forget to say, "I thank you, uncle John, very much indeed."

The cage had a green glass cup of water on one side for the canary's drink, and a green glass cup of seeds on the other side for its food. There was also a white tub inside for birdie to wash in. Matty filled the tub with fresh warm water every morning. and saw it take its bath. "Peep!" said birdie from its perch. "Peep!" said he, hopping on the rim of his little tub. "Peep!" he said, dipping his bill into the water. If it felt right, in he went, splashing and dashing, flapping his wings, and bobbing up and down to his heart's delight. I wish every little child so loved to be washed.

What diverted Matty most was the way the canary went to bed. It put its head under its wing, and went to sleep standing on one foot, and that was all; much easier than *her* way, she thought, which was to be undressed and washed, taking "so long," especially when she was sleepy. But little girls must remember that long is made longer by impatience or fretfulness, and that I do not believe the canary knows anything about. His early

morning song often wakes Matty. "Ah, you are praising God 'fore I," Matty says.

She often talks to her little bird, and asks him many questions; to all of which he says, "Peep, peep!" which is certainly a very prudent answer.

In summer she used to fetch him chickweed and plantain seeds fresh from the garden. "Birdie," she said, "are you not very glad to be waited upon so?" "Peep!" answered birdie. Whether that was yes or no, I cannot tell.

One morning after breakfast, Frank opened the cage door, and out flew birdie. After making a few stops, he lighted on the table. He hopped from one plate to another, from a cup to the pitcher, and the pitcher to a cup, picking up the crumbs and taking a drink where he pleased, to the great delight of the children.

I thought he was very much pleased to *wait upon himself:* and I wish some little boys and girls whom I know, that are very fond of being *waited upon,* liked it as well.

AN EASTERN LADY'S REQUEST.

THE three sons of an Eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love. One brought a marble tablet, on which was her name; another presented her with a rich garland of flowers; the third entered her presence, and said: "Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a heart: here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious, and this heart, full of affection, will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose."

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

THE robin is, perhaps, more familiar with man than any other bird; for, in winter, wherever man is at work, there is almost sure to be a robin; indeed, the little creature is often fluttering and perching at our cottage doors. A rustic poet once sung:

> "Poor Robin has fled from the wood,
> To the snug habitation of man;
> On the threshold he stood,
> And there a petition began."

I have particularly noticed the conduct of two robins, one at my cottage door, and the other where

I performed a part of my daily occupation. At certain hours of the day, and as constantly as I was there, robin was present, pleading that I would give it a morsel of bread, or something that would abate its hunger; and being frequently served by me, it was encouraged to come again. Who will imitate this little creature? Children, regularly attend your Sabbath-school, and strive to catch every crumb of instruction that falls from the lips of your teachers; also regularly attend the public worship of God, and various means of grace, that you may receive crumbs of heavenly bread, and grow up into Christ, your living head in all things.

CARELESS WORDS.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Nellie Martin, as she came in from school, and threw her books down on the table, "I do think a boarding-school is the worst place in the world."

"Why," replied Mabel Lee, her room-mate, "I thought you liked it ever so much; you said you did, yesterday."

"Well, I thought so then, but I don't now, for the girls are all the time making unkind remarks about me, and I mean to sit down now and write to mother, and ask her if I may come home."

A slight smile overspread Mabel's countenance, as she rejoined:

"I suppose *you* never say anything against the other girls, do you?"

"No, indeed, not as they do, I am sure. Why,

if I said one half as many things about Gertrude Leland, as she does about me, I should be ashamed to show my face anywhere."

"Well, Nellie, suppose you and I each take a piece of paper, and write down every slanderous expression that we hear each other use this evening, and at nine o'clock compare our papers."

"Well, I am willing, but I don't believe we shall have anything to write; at any rate, I guess *your* paper will be blank. If you would only try it with the girls in the next room, there would be some fun in it."

"Take care, Nellie, or I shall have to commence immediately."

The evening wore away, and nine o'clock arrived. As soon as the first stroke of the bell was heard, Nellie pushed aside her books, saying, "Now, Mabel, let me hear what *you* have to say; you must read first, because you have the longest list. I rather think you have not studied much to night; it seems to me your pencil has done nothing but write, write, all the evening."

"And it strikes me that your tongue has done nothing but run, run, all the evening. But I must begin, or we shall not be in bed in season. I have —let me see—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten breaches of the ninth Commandment against you on my paper."

"Not so many, I know; let me hear."

"In the first place, when you opened your books to commence studying, you said you thought Miss Lane was the crossest teacher that ever lived, she gave such long and hard lessons."

"Oh, yes, I remember that, but that is the strongest expression I have used, is it not?

"We will see. Then, you asked me if I intended to keep my two silent hours this evening; I told you no, not until to-morrow morning; upon that you called Mrs. Jones an unfeeling creature, for requiring us to keep them at all."

"Soon after that the fire needed some attention. You went to the wood-box for some wood, and accidentally tore your dress on a nail which was sticking in the inside of it. You declared that the next time you had a box sent you from home, you hoped your brother John would have nothing to do with nailing it up; the 'little scamp,' I think was the epithet you used. You sat down to mend your dress, but could not find your thimble; I reminded you that you lent it to Fanny, yesterday, and you replied that you wished she had been at the bottom of the Red Sea, before she came in here borrowing your things. I could not help smiling, then; for I remembered that you borrowed hers a week ago, and lost it; and she was obliged to use yours instead.

"About eight o'clock, Sarah came in to ask you where the History lesson commenced; you told her: but no sooner had she left the room, than you exclaimed, 'I hope I shall never be accused of following her example: she had better keep her ears open when the lesson is given out. I believe she always hears with her elbows.'

"Our lamp went out a few minutes ago. You called the lady with whom we board, a 'stingy old woman' that could not afford to supply us with decent lamp-oil."

"Oh, Mabel, did I really say that? I don't remember it; why, how wicked it was! It was entirely my fault that the lamp did not burn well; for when I had sealed my letter, I played with my sealing wax until I had nearly covered the wick with it. Well, please don't read any more to me, for I am heartily ashamed of myself. In future I will try to keep a strict watch over my tongue; and over my thoughts, too, for I suppose I should never *say* such things if I did not *think* them first."

As Mabel lay in bed that night, thinking over the events of the day, this verse came into her mind: "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

THE PROMISED LAND.

DEAR LITTLE READER,—Having often sung over "Joyful," and, I hope, well learned it, perhaps you would like another little tune. Now suppose we have the "Promised Land"? It will suit you nicely in your happy sunny Sabbath hours, to do as good Dr. Watts wrote in his hymn,

"Sing of heaven and learn the way."

This you can do with the "Promised Land." This many little girls and boys have done while here they lived and loved, and now some of them have heard the Saviour call them, and they have gone away to the Promised Land. The Bible tells us that while to die is gain, yet to live is Christ; and if you live and love the children's Saviour, then, like a young girl of seventeen I once spoke to, no doubt you will sometimes sing the little cheery songs

you learned at Sabbath-school, and thoughts of good things will rise within, leading you to prayer and praise. So may it be, my little one.

Perhaps you have never heard it sung: I have. Once when on shipboard in early morning, while sailing up the Bristol Channel, a friend ventured to sing it among the passengers, and soon one and then another took up the strain. Again and again was sung the chorus, "I'll away, I'll away," and chastened feelings were there, and thoughts of home and Sabbath scenes. One emigrant family was on board, and they tried to learn it, that they might carry the strain to other lands. They were going to an earthly promised land, to America, one where they expected to get money and food and clothing, and, if all went well, would soon be there; and you and I, my little one, are travelling onward, and, if we love and serve Jesus, we shall have a Father, and a Saviour, and a bright crown, in the heavenly promised land,—beautiful Zion.

I knew a little girl who used to sing among the little ones in our school this little joyous song, and when she lay dying, she was singing that

"Jesus called her, she would go
To meet Him in the promised land."

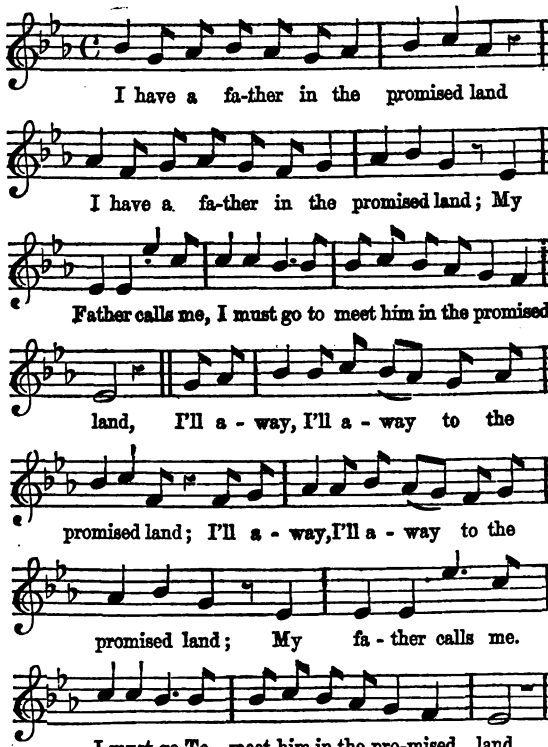
Was not that a delightful scene? Perhaps angels were waiting there.

I with your teachers hope to meet you, as one of a joyous band at Jesu's feet, and there indeed, as the hymn concludes,

"Praise Him in the promised land."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

PROMISED LAND.



THE KITCHEN OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

THIS is the abbey kitchen, dears,
That monks and abbots once rever'd,
As part of that which was their home,
When falsehood and the Church of Rome
Were rampant. They pretended
That Joseph of Arimathea planted
A thorn, that bloomed on Christmas eve,
Which neither you nor I believe;
But this we know, in Henry's reign
The last poor Abbot lost his fame;
He was hanged on the mount called Tor,
Which ever since displays a tower,
To serve the Seaman as a mark
And guide him as he steers his bark.

L. MC KINLEY.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, Good Night! Good Night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, Good Night! Good Night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the road:
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, Good Night! Good Night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good Night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light:
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—
The violets curtseyed and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good Morning! Good Morning! our work is begun!"

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE BOY THAT DARED NOT PRAY.

THE boy that dared not pray! He must have been a very strange boy. I should like to hear about him. I did not think there was anybody that *dared* not pray. Why, boys ought to pray. God commands everybody to pray. The Bible says, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." "The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him; to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry, and will save them." All good persons pray. Abraham, and Moses, and Samuel, and Job used to pray. And Jesus Christ used to pray. He sometimes went up into a mountain to pray. He prayed all night. And He taught his disciples to pray. And John taught his disciples to pray. And my father and mother teach me to pray. Now, I could think of a boy who did not know how to pray; or of one who would not pray. For some boys have very wicked parents, who never pray themselves, and who never teach their children to pray. And some boys are so very wicked themselves that, though they know how to pray, yet they will not pray. They will not say the prayers they have been taught; but will go to bed without asking God to take care of them while they sleep, and while it is dark. And when they get up in a morning they will go to play or go to school without ever asking their Father who is in heaven to bless them and help them, and keep them safe from harm. But I

can't understand why a boy *dared* not pray. Do tell me how it was. Will you? Very well, I will.

The boy that dared not pray had very pious parents. His father and mother used to pray themselves; and they used to teach all their children to pray every morning and every night. And besides teaching him to say prayers, and praying regularly for him, his father used to talk to him a great deal about praying, and about being good. And the boy used to listen very attentively and to remember much that was said to him. And he often used to wish he was a very good boy, and often tried to be good; but he was not "born again,"—his heart was not changed by the Holy Spirit, and so he always failed and got wrong. Nobody can be good without a new heart. "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be: so then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." If you mean to be good, you must seek a new heart: you never can be good without. How are you to seek a new heart? Why, you must pray to God for it, as the Psalmist did: "Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me."

But I must tell you why the boy dared not pray. This was it. He was sent to a village about two miles from his home, and was kept there till night. Soon after he started on his way home, the darkness began to creep along the hedges and steal over the fields and roads, and to wrap everything up in black. He was like many more little boys, very much afraid of being out in the darkness; and hence he became alarmed. He wanted some one to take

care of him; but there was nobody near him. Then he thought of God, and was about to pray for God to take charge of him. He knew that God was everywhere and that God could save him. But before he prayed, he felt as if some one had said to him, "You would not pray if it were daylight—if you were not afraid; then do you think that God is likely to hear you now? How dare you ask Him to keep you when you will not be good—will not serve Him?" The poor boy felt the truth of this reproof and dare not so much as ask God to preserve him, but went trembling and cringing on his way. He knew he was wicked. He was not such a very bad boy as some are; but then he was not pious. He did not pray as he ought when he saw no danger. He did not love God, and always try to please Him. And "we know that God heareth not sinners." "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." If persons will do wickedly, they must not expect God to listen to their prayers. "For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul? Will God hear his cry when trouble cometh upon him?" "But if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him He heareth." Then all who want God's help must be good. The day will come when you will want help. Then you will wish to have been good. How sad your case if God will not hear. Think, little reader, and may you never be as was the boy that dared not pray.

S. ANTLIFF.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE KING.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, a great revolution occurred in France, a country only separated from England by the English Channel, which is little more than twenty miles across from Dover to Calais. Louis Napoleon is Emperor of France now; but at the time when the Revolution, to which we refer, took place, Louis the Sixteenth was king and Maria Antoinette was queen, and the little boy represented in our picture, was their only son, the heir to the throne, and the descendant of sixty-six kings. When the royal family lived at the Palace of Versailles, which stands in a splendid park, some distance from Paris, the young prince had a small

garden of his own, where he used to cultivate some choice flowers; and every morning he was early in his garden, to gather the sweetest flowers, as a morning offering for his mother, and with his fresh bouquet, while he was only seven years of age, he would steal into his mother's chamber, lay the flowers on her pillow, and wait until she was awake to receive, as a reward, his morning kiss.

When the Revolution spread, the people became masters, and forced the royal family to leave Versailles, and to come into Paris, and reside in the Palace of the Tuilleries; but here they gave the Prince a little garden; and, although his parents were kept nearly as prisoners in the palace, and the Prince was watched over by soldiers called National Guards, yet he would offer them each a flower, as represented in our little cut, saying, "I am sorry, gentlemen, I have no more to offer you; I must keep the rest for Mamma, who loves them so much."

But even this state of apparent comfort was not to continue; for the King and the people could not come to any agreement. The people had long been oppressed by the kings and priests of France: they would bear their oppression no longer. They, in turn, became the oppressors, took the law into their own hands, pulled down the prisons, fired the palaces, and kept the royal family as captives.

We cannot, at present, describe the sufferings of this unhappy family; but may only observe, that both the King and Queen were beheaded; and for eighteen months after that, the young Prince would never speak to any person, so greatly was he affected at the loss of his parents, and especially so at the

murder of his mother. A physician was taken to see him in the prison; but it was too late; his health was destroyed by confinement and cruel treatment. Being somewhat revived by the fresh air admitted into a better room, to which he had been removed, the physician said, in a cheerful tone, "You will soon be able to walk and play about the garden." "I," said the Prince, raising his head a little, "I shall never go any way but to my mother, and she is not on earth." On the 8th of June, 1795, he made signs to those about him to open the windows. They obeyed; and with a last effort, he raised his eyes to heaven, as if seeking some one there, softly whispered "Mother!" and died at the age of ten years and two months.

How much happier are the thousands of our dear Sunday scholars than was this poor Prince, or Captive Young King! W. B. LEIGHTON.

CHERUBIM AND SERAPHIM.

"FATHER," said a sensible and pious little boy to Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words *cherubim* and *seraphim*, which we meet with in the Bible?" "Cherubim is a Hebrew word," replied the father, "and signifies knowledge; seraphim is also a Hebrew word, signifying flame. Whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and that the seraphim are angels who excel in loving God." "I hope then," said the little boy, "that when I die, I shall be a *seraph;* for I would rather love God than know *all things.*"

He wished to be a seraph in order that he might excel in loving God. Perhaps you wish the same. It is impossible for you to become a seraph; yet, if you cannot become a seraph, you may excel in loving God. Though you are young, you may love Him with all your heart and soul and mind and strength. You ought to love God because He first loved *you;* and He loves you still. Hear his own statement:—"I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me." Then, if a Being great in power, unsearchable in wisdom, perfect in holiness, should condescend to love *you,* ought not you in return to give him your undivided heart? Perhaps you say, "What proof have I that *He* loves *me?*" Proof! You have ten thousand of them. For a satisfactory one, go and view Gethsemane's garden, and gaze on the suffering Son of God until you cannot bear the sight! Hear those groans! See that sweat falling from his blessed brow! Hear Him say in agony,—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" But sooner than you should be lost He said,—"Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done!" What love is here! But go to the cross. See Him surrounded with the evil spirits of men and the evil spirits from the pit of darkness! Oh! there is something dreadful there. He is treated as a *murderer.*

> "His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear;
> With nails they fasten to the wood."

See Him partake of the bitter cup, known only to the God that mingled it, and to Him who drank it! Look at the innocent and suffering Jesus, until you

are satisfied that He loves you, and then say:—"Herein is love, not that we loved Him, but that He loved us, and gave Himself for us." We have proved that He loves *you*. Now we ask you simply yet earnestly:—"DO YOU LOVE HIM?" "If you love Me," says Christ, "keep my commandments." Then love and obey God; imitate Christ's example, tread in his steps, do his will, and then at last you shall dwell among cherubim and seraphim, and you shall be a part of that happy number who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," and who are "before the throne and serve Him day and night in his temple," and are safely landed where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." May I meet you there! E. D. SOLOMON.

I'M A LITTLE PILGRIM.

ARE you, my little one, are you a little pilgrim? Well then

> "Hail, little pilgrims, whence come ye,
> And whither are ye bound?"

Many years ago in a large chapel in Cornwall at an Anniversary I joined in this song; and when the boys asked the question, the girls soon replied,—

> "We from the land of Egypt flee,
> Till Canaan we have found."

I had never heard it before, but some of it I have never forgotten since.

The little hymn we now bring before you tells you what you will, if spared, soon know, if you do not now, that though this world is pleasant, sin is

always near; and also that there is a better country, where no sorrow nor sighing shall enter.

In the olden time, when pilgrims went to Palestine, they usually wore some peculiar dress or emblem, and sometimes it was a red cross. Now our hymn tells a truth when it says that garments clean every little pilgrim must have. The white robe of righteousness all must have, before they can enter heaven. Well may your teachers sing that beautiful hymn beginning,—

"O for the robes of whiteness!"

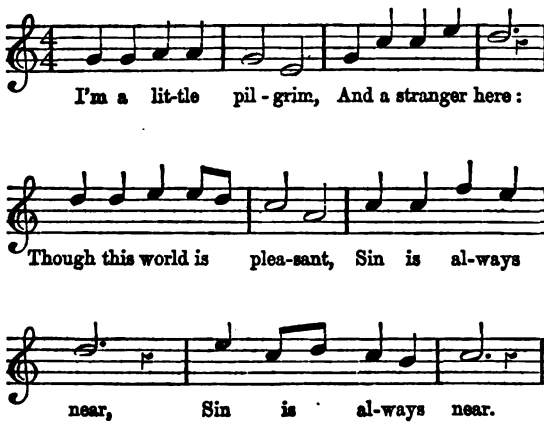
If you are Christ's little pilgrim, you should have the cross for your emblem. You do not want it round your neck with beads strung to it, to count over every now and then, like the misled children who are taught to pray to the Virgin Mother of Jesus; nor on your dress, like the red coat knights, who fought in the wars of old, when the kings of Europe tried to seize the Holy City, Jerusalem: but you should have within your heart the thoughts of Jesus and his cross, and how He suffered and died for you, and how He gave up his own life, that you might live for ever.

Now let us pray that Jesus would teach you to obey Him, that He would save and cleanse you from sin, and that you may be guided by the Holy Spirit on your heavenly way.

O what a delight to be a Christian child, to love the Saviour, and to be able to say for yourself of that home in heaven, that, as to every child of the Pilgrim's band, so to you, it cometh ever near.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

8.—I'M A LITTLE PILGRIM.



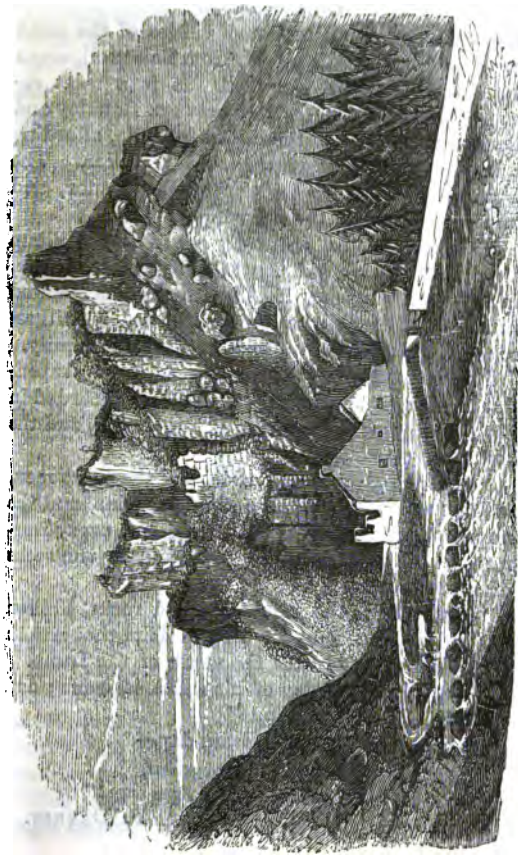
1 I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
Tho' this world is pleasant, sin is always near.

2 Mine's a better country, where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow never enter in.

3 But a little pilgrim must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robe, and with Christ be seen.

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me, teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me on my heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
But my home in heaven cometh ever near.



BLACKWELL DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

BLACKWELL DALE, DERBYSHIRE,

(*With Engraving,*)

BELONGS to a small scattered village of the same name, and is four miles S.W. from Tideswell, seven miles W.N.W. from Bakewell. It is a most romantic district. The railway between Rowsley and Buxton runs through this beautiful dale, affording a fine but transient view to the traveller. The Duke of Devonshire is lord of the manor, and owner of nearly all the township.

This manor was originally given by William Peverel to the Priory of Lenton, in Nottinghamshire, in the reign of Henry I. This manor was granted in 1552, to Sir William Cavendish, and it still reremains with the descendants of the same family.

I have thought when passing near these stupendous rocks, of the solemn declaration recorded in the 6th chapter of the Book of Revelation, and the last three verses :—

"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondsman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains.

"And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

May we each on that solemn day—

"Stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure!"

P. DAYKEN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITTLE BOY.

NOT long ago there passed away from our midst a sweet little boy named Frederick Turner. His parents were poor, and he was a cripple, very weak and deformed in body. But the Lord used him for his glory; for when our people began a Sunday-school near to where his parents lived, he requested his father to take him to it. Soon the Saviour made Himself known to the little boy's heart, and from that time to his death he never lost confidence in Him, and used to wonder that any body could doubt when He had said and done so much to bless and do them good. When he was asked if the Saviour loved him, he used to look bright, and say, "He says He does and I believe Him." So devoted and happy was little Frederick, that his father and mother were no longer able to live in sin, and from that time they began to attend on our services and soon got converted and united with us, and are still members with us at Booth-Town, near Halifax. He had a very pale face, with large dark shining eyes; and as he sat on his stool, reading or thinking or praying, he often looked like a messenger from the skies. He would not talk much about earthly things, but always delighted to converse about "things above," especially with me or any other minister of the Gospel. Being an object which excited pity in those who saw him, he often got small sums given him; these he saved until he got over six shillings. This sum he handed over to the treasurer of the intended Chapel Fund, saying,—"This is my donation to the new chapel." One night he sent for me to see him; on going to his

home, he said he wished me to preach a funeral sermon when he died, hoping that other young persons might be induced thereby to love the Saviour. I promised to do so, which pleased him much. He was a very great sufferer; but he was never heard to murmur, always saying, when people pitied him, "Jesus suffered more for me!" He died very happy. Many persons used to visit him, and some will have to bless God for ever for having seen in him the "grace of God." Let all young readers copy the example of Frederick Turner in speaking well of the name of the Lord, and in giving what may be given them, to aid the cause of goodness in the world. J. SIMPSON.

THE SNOWDROP.

WHAT is the first flower that peeps forth to tell us when winter is nearly over, and spring is coming on? It is the pale and drooping snowdrop. From amidst a tuft of long, dark, spiry leaves it raises its modest head; and though there will soon be many flowers in the garden of gayer colour and sweeter perfume, yet none will be more welcome than the snowdrop, for it is the first to bring us a promise of pleasant days to come. We look upon it as a sign that the winter is passing away; and we rejoice to think of the bright spring and summer time so near. Yes; let us love the little snowdrop; for it is a token of our heavenly Father's goodness to us. He orders the changing seasons, and sends the seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, and causes the earth to bring forth corn, and fruit,

and flowers, for us. He formed this little flower, and bade it grow; He gave it those tints of pale and delicate green; and, without his power and will, the snowdrop could no more unfold its leaves, than the sun could shine in the heavens, or than man himself could breathe the breath of life. Through many months the snowdrop has been buried in the earth: low in the ground, it has lain unseen and forgotten, until now that the appointed season has returned, and it again springs up to life and beauty. Thus, also, must your body be laid in the silent grave, and moulder into dust: but it also will be raised again to life; and, if you are a child of God, you shall dwell for ever in the mansions of the blessed, where the tree of life shall bloom for ever, and flowers never fade. May the writer and the reader meet there, is the earnest prayer of A BRANCH OF THE VINE.

LITTLE SAMUEL.

IN 1 Samuel ii. 18 we read that "Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child." But what cou'd a child do in the temple? Not much, indeed; but he could do something. He could wait on the priest Eli, and save him many steps; he could trim and light a lamp, cleanse a dish, or run an errand; and because he could do this, and did do it, and had a pious mind, he is said to have "ministered before the Lord." Learn hence that God accepts of small services, and that even *children* can perform works well pleasing in his sight. Let them, then, begin to do this. You cannot begin too soon.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE FROM A SNAKE.

My Dear Children,—In this happy land of ours, we have very few venomous reptiles; and, I believe, only one venomous snake, the adder; but in hot countries, there are many venomous, or poisonous, serpents and reptiles; and the cut on this page, shows a gentleman sitting reading, who very narrowly escaped being stung by a venomous snake. He had been an unbeliever in the existence of God; but this deliverance, and other instances of the kindness and preserving care of God, led to his conversion, and he gave up his unbelief. I shall now, therefore, give you the account in his own words.

"At length, another narrow escape placed me on the very edge of destruction. I had become ac-

quainted with a fellow settler in Australia, casually, and afterwards grew more familiar with him through discovering that he had gone to school in the same town with myself in England. It was amusing and pleasant to us to talk of old times, and of the towns-people we had both known when boys. Thus I often went and stayed the evening and night at his farm. One morning while I was there, I rose just as the sun was appearing, and took an English newspaper he had lent me the night before, and went and sat down to read, in a little skilleen, a few yards from the house, which the family used as a kitchen. The rising sun was shining full in at the door; and I placed my chair right opposite that I might see it. I was dressed only in that scanty way which is so common and agreeable in hot countries, without stockings, or jacket, or waiscoat. I might have been reading some five minutes, when a noise at my feet attracted my ears. Supposing it was a little dog that was fond of being noticed, come to solicit my caresses, I set both my feet down from the rail of the chair on to the ground, still reading forward to the end of the sentence. With the paper before my face, I gradually leaned forward, and put down my left hand. Nothing leaped up to my hand as I expected there would; and still bending further down, I withdrew the paper from before my face to look. There, to my astonishment, sat coiled a snake of nearly six feet long, of one of the worst species. His head and neck were erected about six inches above the fold he was coiled into. He might have been imagined to be reading on the back of the paper, so steadfast was his gaze. His tongue

quivered within his hateful looking jaws, probably at my approaching hand; for it was within some four or five inches, and his eyes glared like living coals. I, of course, saw the propriety of withdrawing my hand just as quietly as I had advanced it. This I accomplished. But I dared not move further. Coiled, as he was, he could have sprung into my face in an instant. And my bare legs were within an inch or two of him on either side. After sitting a little while, both of us looking each other full in the face, it occurred to me that I had heard these reptiles would make off if the human eye were withdrawn from them, I directly turned my face over my shoulder, scarcely had I done so, when he retreated. As soon as I heard him fairly out of the door, I followed and killed him with the spade, as he got through the slabs into an adjoining old building. He was six feet within a few inches in length. My escape was a double one. I had first placed my feet down on either side of his coil, and then advanced my hand to within a few inches of his jaws. Another instant, a few more inches, and the fatal fangs would have been struck into my flesh. And few recover from their bite. He was so large of his species, too, that the venom would probably have been copious and violent to an unusual degree." *Sent by* W. B. LEIGHTON.

HEAP COALS OF FIRE UPON HIS HEAD.

A PIOUS old Quaker in America had a very bad neighbour, who was in the habit of killing every stray animal that got into his fields. It happened

one day that some sheep belonging to the former got into the field of the latter, and, as usual, he killed them; and, to show his wrath still more, he sent for the old man to come and take his sheep home. When the angry man showed the dead carcases, instead of being sorry for what he had done, he said, "I will kill every beast of yours that comes on to my ground." "Well, if thee do," said the Quaker, "I will make thee pay for that." Not long afterwards some of the wrathful man's sheep got into the Quaker's field. The latter called his boys, and they drove the sheep into the stable, and filled the rack with hay and grass; he then sent for his troublesome neighbour to come and get his sheep. He soon came, expecting to find them dead; but what was his surprise when the Quaker took him to the stable, where all his sheep were safe and sound, with plenty to eat! The effect of these "coals of fire on his head" was that he paid the old man for all his sheep that he had ever killed, and was always afterwards a good neighbour. Try this Christian way, dear children, to take revenge for injuries you receive, and you will find it affords you the very best kind of "satisfaction." This is the way to fulfil that commandment, "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee," (Prov. xxv. 22, 23.) Melt him by kindness, as gold is melted by a fire of coals.

Remember also, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his

spirit than he that taketh a city," (Prov. xvi. 32.) "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," (Rom. xii. 21.) A meek and forgiving spirit which renders good for evil is of more worth than houses and lands. *Sent by* B. A. M.

BETHLEHEM.

In a Cheltenham book called, "Papers for Schoolmasters," is, my young friend, to be found the music of these few couplets. It is old and was long ago known and sung among the Methodists in Cornwall. It was known to an old Christian lady whom I knew well, for she lived with us, and one Good Friday she was singing it to my children and teaching them in the afternoon, and when we came back from public worship in the evening, she was in the bed in a fit from which she never recovered: ere midnight she had died. May we not hope that she realised what she sung and taught, and that with her

"The glorious work was done."

It is from its simplicity well suited to little children, and you will do well to learn it. It simply teaches you in rhyme a few wondrous facts, and once learned you will remember them. You sing of the birth of Christ, and then of his death; you hear that He rose again, and you may therefore exclaim with feelings of joy, that

"The glorious work is done."

Can you doubt, then, my little reader, that you ought to love Jesus,—and why? Because He loved you and gave Himself for you. He died for you, that you might live again, and as we sometimes sing,

"O remember Calvary;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

Much more might be said to illustrate these lines. You would do well to form with your mind three pictures, and were I an artist I would sketch them.

I would first pourtray the young child Jesus in the Eastern caravansera, with his parents, and the wise men from the East around them: this should be one picture, but remember that their cattle-houses or lodging-houses are not like our stables.

I would next picture out the scene on Calvary. I would try to see Jesus crucified between the two thieves, with the Roman soldier standing by with a long lance, ready to pierce his side, with the people at a distance, the disciples afar off, but the women near, with the mother of Jesus. And then the city of Jerusalem with its walls was not far off.

Again, in another picture I think I see Him rising from the dead, stepping out from his tomb in the rock, where his followers had laid his body; or fancy Him speaking to the women in the garden. O my little one, it is true, as the Russians say to each other on old Easter Day, when they first meet, "The Lord is risen," and then the answer is given, "He is risen indeed." Know you this little verse, if not pray learn it,

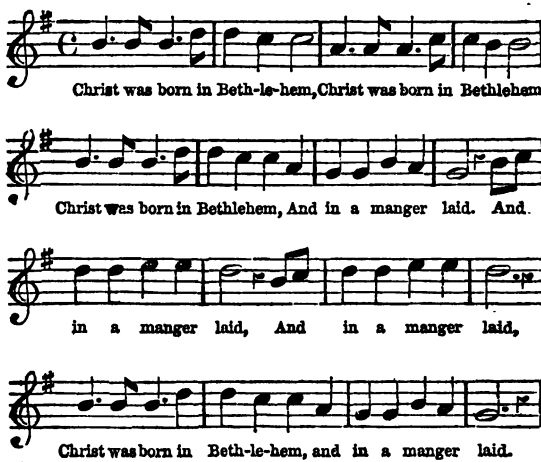
"Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,"

Or have you not seen the verse so often sung in chorus as an anthem?—

"Our Lord is risen from the dead," &c.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

11.—BETHLEHEM.



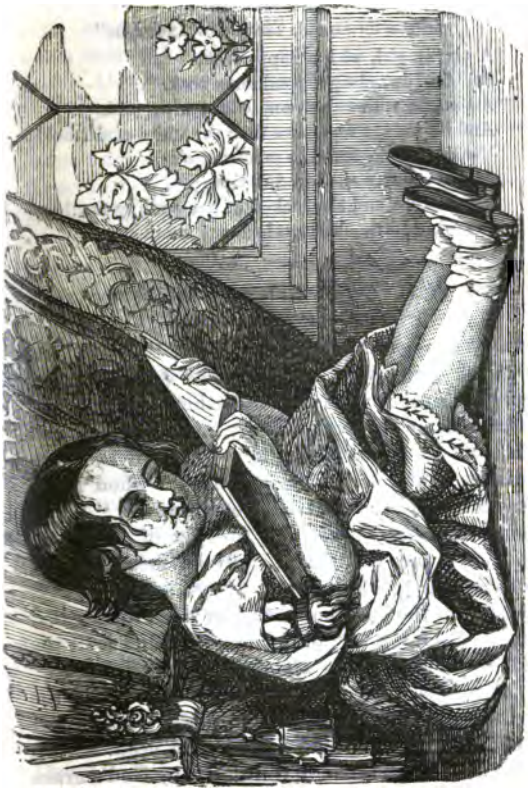
1 Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger laid.

2 The Jews crucified Him,
And nailed Him to the cross.

3 Christ rose triumphant,
And spoiled the powers of hell.

4 Shout, shout, the victory,
The glorious work is done.

5 I ought to love Jesus,
Because He first loved me.



THE YOUNG BIBLE READER.

THE YOUNG BIBLE READER.

(*With Engraving.*)

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A LITTLE girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she loved it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said, "Little children love one another."

A NAME LESSON.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

PERHAPS some little boy may answer, "John;" and if we ask again, Why are you called John? he may reply, Because it was my grandfather's name, or my father's name, or perhaps, my uncle's name; and this is all he knows about it. To him it is an unmeaning sound to which he answers when he is spoken to, and that is all. Yet the name "John" has a meaning—a meaning worthy of being remembered and thought of daily—a meaning that teaches many good lessons. It has a history too; for some of the best men that ever lived were called John. John is a very old name. We find it in the Old Testament, in its Hebrew form, "Johanan," which means, "the grace of God." Now let us see what lessons are taught us from this.

1st. It reminds us of what we most need. Born as we are with a sinful nature, it is by God's grace only that we can be saved from sin and misery, and made useful and happy.

2nd. It reminds us to whom we owe all that we are, and all that we have. It is God's grace that gives every blessing, and the very sound of the name bids us be grateful.

3rd. It reminds us how to get every blessing. God's grace is free, and the way to the throne of grace, through Christ, is ever open to all who ask in his name. The very sound of the name tells us never to despair, for God is ever ready to hear our prayers, and supply all our need.

4th. It reminds us where to apply for help in danger or temptation. Our strength is in God; His grace alone can help us; and the very sound of the name, when we are tempted to sin, should remind us where to look for strength to resist it.

If these lessons were fixed in a child's memory, let us see of what use they might be. Suppose a little boy, called John, is asked by his companions to do some wrong thing. They are calling him, "John, John, come with us." But the very sound of the word reminds John that he must not disgrace a name so noble. Shall he sin against that God, who has so graciously loaded him with blessings? Shall he, who is called "the grace of God," dishonour him whose name he bears? No; rather let him ask, in a short silent prayer, for the grace which will enable him to resist temptation. His name should be to him a constant word of warning, ever reminding him to watch and pray. Let John remember the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." This may be the motto of the name.

Let us think now of the history of the name. It was given, by God's own command, to the man who

was honoured to be the forerunner of the Saviour; who was sent to "prepare the way of the Lord." You will find the story about the giving of the name in the first chapter of Luke. The next we read of, who bore this honoured name, was the beloved apostle—the friend of the Lord—whose head leaned on the bosom of his Master as they sat at the last supper. He was truly a man full of "the grace of God." He wrote one of the Gospels, three Epistles, and the book of Revelation. The first John told of the first coming of our Lord, to suffer and to die for our sins; the second John tells us of his glory in heaven. It is not a little singular that many of the good men who have first taught the truth or who have testified for it, in many lands have borne the name of John. After the teachings of the first two Johns had been almost forgotten, and men had become Romanists instead of Christians, a good man, named John Huss, was raised up by God in a remote country called Bohemia. The Pope and his bishops burned him to death, because he taught the truth, but that truth will never be forgotten while the world lasts. The name of the great German reformer was Martin but his father's name was John Luther. He was a stern father. Perhaps if he had been less severe, Martin might not have been so great. It is a singular truth that the sons of severe fathers generally turn out better than the sons of fathers who are too indulgent. The reason probably is to be found in the maxim of Solomon "He that spareth the rod, hateth the child." In England John Wickliffe taught the truth in dark times. In France John Farel was one of the first reformers.

In Switzerland John Calvin will never be forgotten. In Scotland John Knox must ever be remembered with gratitude. (And may it not be said of John Wesley and of many Johns also of our own connexion who have turned multitudes of sinners to righteousness that they shall be had in everlasting remembrance?) It would be easy to add to the list, did our space permit; but enough has been said, we trust, to make every little boy named John anxious to do honour to the noble name he bears.

Sent by B. A. M.

Died at Walsoken, Wisbeach station, on February 15th, 1865, aged five years and three months, Mary Elizabeth, the only daughter of Robert and Alice Burton. She seems to have been a remarkable child for her years. At the age of three, she became a scholar in our Sabbath-school, and she seemed to take a delight in talking about heaven, and often expressed a wish to be an angel, and live with Jesus, and used to ask her next door neighbour if she would not like to go to heaven with her. About four days before her death she burst into tears; and when asked by her mother why she wept, she said, because Jesus was so long before He came to fetch her—it was twelve months. She seemed to have no fear of death or of the grave; and, when told by her mother that she could not come back to her, her reply was, "Well, then, I shall wait there till you and father come." Her affliction was short, and just before she died she stretched out her hands as if she saw some loved one come to take her, and then fell back and expired.

R. Eaglen.

THE PRAYING CHILD.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

"A FEW days ago," a certain Christian visitor said, "I entered the room of a very poor woman, whose little boy, a child about six years of age, attended the Infant-school, and was noticed there by his teacher as being one of the best scholars. It was the time of their evening meal, and seeing no signs of any food, and knowing the poverty of the family, I asked if they had had their tea; 'No;' said the mother, 'we have had nothing since breakfast. My husband went out this afternoon to try if he

could borrow a shilling, to buy us a little bread; but he has been gone two hours, and I don't know whether he will succeed; my children were asking for their tea just before you came in. Little Tom (the name of the eldest child) said to me, 'Well, mother, as we have no food I will say my prayers;' and kneeling down he repeated the Lord's Prayer (which he had been taught at school). No doubt he thought of the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' and He who thus taught this little one to pray, answered also the simple petition, and put joy into his childish heart. He sent an answer when least expected, and showed Himself the God that heareth prayer."

How delightful 'tis to see
Little children pray to God;
Simple though their prayers may be,
They're accepted through Christ's blood.
Come, dear children, love to pray,
Little Tom's example take;
Call on God from day to day;
Pray in faith, for Jesus' sake.

E. H.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

HOW TO BE LOVED.

WHO is lovely? It is that little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasing smiles as she passes along—who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help companions out of difficulty—who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but

always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones as you pass along the streets? But *these* are the true pearls and precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathise with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will be sure to be loved. Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little girl why it was that everybody loved her. "I do not know," she replied, "unless it be that I love everybody." This is the true secret of being beloved. "He that hath friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love begets love. If you love others they cannot help loving you. So, then, do not put on a scowl, and fretfully complain that nobody loves you, or that such or such a one does not like you. If nobody loves you it is your own fault; either you do not make yourself lovely by a sweet, winning temper, and kind, winning ways, or you do not love those of whom you complain.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Praise and pray
Night and day,
God loves to hear what infants say:
He bows the ear
To children's prayer,
At any hour and everywhere.

HAPPY LAND.

My Little Reader,—From the people of America comes many a delightful story of the influence of sacred song on old and young. One narrative, embodied in a book extensively sold, called "Carlotta," describes a café in New York during a stormy evening, in which a little Italian singing-girl, being rudely thrust out, attracted the attention of an infidel by singing with beautiful voice, very sweetly,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud, let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye."

It was a wet evening, and the girl was slightly clad. The beauty of her song struck a chord in his heart, and he took the child to a shoe store, and then to her home, to her sick father, who was an organ-grinder, but lying ill of consumption, and wasting away. The infidel became deeply interested in the father and daughter, and provided a nurse and better lodging for them. The father soon died, and then the child was taken ill, but her happy hours and happy death affected the infidel's mind, and he fairly broke down over the simple faith of the child; and thus the mother's teachings of the little girl, the songs of her childhood, were the spell which opened the cold heart of the infidel merchant. Truly out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise.

The simple strains of that hymn have affected many a heart. I well remember a dear child of four years old singing a part of it on my knee one Wednesday morning at breakfast, and then sick and suffering it lay down, and on the Sabbath morning its meeting was indeed in the happy land. Not long since a young minister's wife in Australia wrote to say that on losing a dear and only child, she sat repining sadly, when some one sang to her,—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

Her heart-strings were touched, and the chord vibrated to the touch. Her repining fled, and she thanked God who had transplanted her little flower to the happy land of heaven.

In the Crystal Palace, last year I witnessed the rapt feeling with which this hymn of childhood was listened to by the multitude, while it seemed to wake up the memories of their youth.

I could give you many stories about this hymn, but must only give one more now. A dying youth at one time said, "We lost a dear little brother. During his illness I used to teach him the hymns I had learned at the Sunday-school. One day he was singing,—

"There is a happy land,"

when my mother came into the room. He lifted his bright dying eyes to her, and said, 'Mother, I am going to the happy land, won't you come?' She did not answer for a time, and she shed tears, but then she said, 'I fear I shall never reach that happy

place!' The dear little boy quickly replied, 'Jesus will love you too, mother, if you ask Him.'"

So will Jesus love you, my little reader, if you pray to Him. Ask Him now.

"Suffer me to come to Thee,
Dearest Lord, forbid it not."

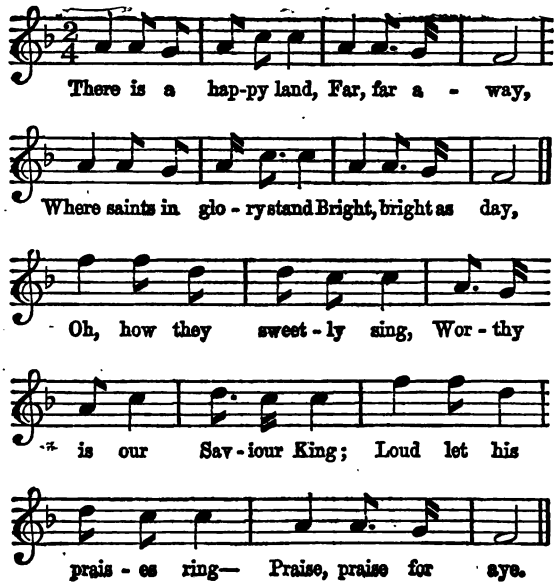
UNCLE WILLIAM.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?—
Why still delay?
Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee!
Blest, blest for aye

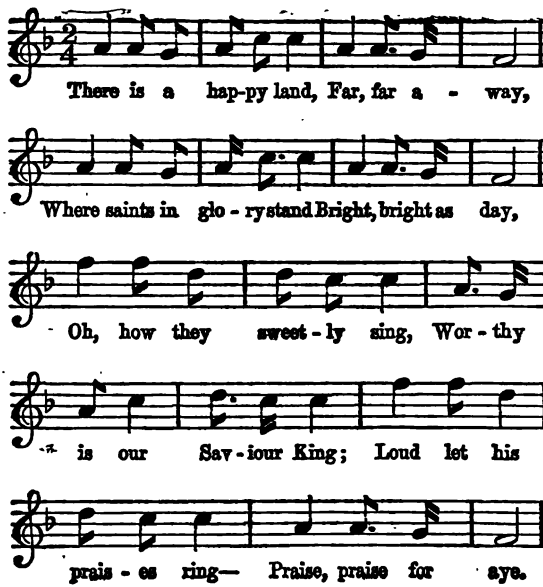
Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
Oh then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

5.—HAPPY LAND.


There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way,
Where saints in glo - ry stand Bright, bright as day,
Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy
is our Sav - iour King; Loud let his
prais - es ring— Praise, praise for aye.

THE GORILLA.

5.—HAPPY LAND.


There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way,
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THE GORILLA.

came and died on the cross to save me, and I believe that he is my Saviour, and that his blood cleanses me from all sin." Oh what faith! And in a very little time she died upon the bosom of Christ.

The third was a little boy, who met with an accident in one of the coal mines in the north of England. His teacher came to see him when he was dying. The little boy just in the very article of death, called for his father and his mother, his brothers and his sisters to his bed side; and when they came he said, "Mother, I love you; father, I love you; my brothers, I love you; my sisters, I love you; my teacher, I love you; but Jesus I love above you all; and I am going to heaven, that beautiful place." Then there was a beautiful smile upon his countenance—and almost instantly he breathed his last, and ascended to the heavenly world.

The fourth child was George Waters, who died aged eight, in the year 1837. He was a remarkably good little boy. He was always in time at his Sabbath-school, learned his lessons well, and was attentive to the instructions of his teacher. He was a holy, praying child, and now he is a glorified saint in heaven. One of the teachers went to see him when he was near his dissolution; and the teacher said to him, "Should you like to recover, George?" He gave the following remarkable answer; "No, I do not want to recover, I would rather die, and go to heaven." And, my young friends, when you come to die, may you be able to give such an answer as that. If your parents are weeping by your bed side, and asking whether you should like to recover, oh, may you be able to give them this answer, "No, I would

rather die and go to heaven!" His mother was weeping by his bed side, and he said to her, "Mother don't cry, I am going to Jesus; for Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

Extracted by T. B. CARRICK.

CRUST OF BREAD.

I MUST not throw upon the floor
  The crust I cannot eat,
For many a little hungry one
  Would think it quite a treat.

My parents labour very hard,
  To get me wholeseme food;
Then I must never waste a bit
  That would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woful want,
  And I may live to say,
Oh, how I wish I had the bread
  That once I threw away!

'Twas God who made the wheat to grow
  From which the bread is made;
And in the Bible Jesus Christ
  Is called the "living bread."

Then may I ever thankful prove,
  For all that God shall give;
And may this "living bread" be mine,
  To feed thereon and live.

THE PALM TREE.

THIS tree, which is sometimes called the date-tree, grows plentifully in the east. It rises to a great height; its stalks are generally full of rugged knots. The trunk of this tree is not solid, like other trees, but its centre is filled with pith, around which is a tough bark full of strong fibres when young, and as the tree grows old it hardens and becomes like solid wood. To this bark the leaves are closely joined; and as the older leaves decay the stalk advances in height. The leaves, when the tree has grown to a size for bearing fruit, are six or eight feet long, are very broad when spread out, and are used for

covering the tops of houses and for several other similar purposes.

The fruit, which is called Date, grows below the leaves, in clusters, and is sweet and agreeable in taste.

Many of the inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia, and Persia subsist almost entirely upon such fruit; and boast also of its medicinal virtues. Their camels feed upon the date stone. From the leaves they make couches, baskets, bags, mats, and brushes; from the branches they make cages for their poultry and fences for their gardens; from the fibres of the boughs they make ropes and rigging; from the sap is prepared a liquor, and the body of the tree furnishes fuel. Now, dear children, just review the various uses to which this tree and its fruit are turned, and then ask, ought we not to live to be useful? If we do not, the palm-tree will rise up in judgment against us. Why should a tree be useful while we are not?

It was under a tree of this kind that Deborah dwelt, between Ramah and Bethel, whither the people came up to her for judgment, Judges iv. 5.

To the fair, flourishing, and fruitful condition of this tree the psalmist very aptly compares the righteous. Psalm xcii. 12.

A branch of palm was a signal of victory, and was carried before conquerors in their triumphs; to this allusion is made in Rev. vii. 9; and for this purpose were branches borne before Christ in his way to Jerusalem, when the people cried, "Hosanna! blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord," John xii. 13. If our young

readers will carefully remember what we have said of the palm or palm-tree, they will derive therefrom much instruction, which may be of use to them in reading those parts of the Scriptures wherein mention is made of this tree. H.

PIG LOVE FOR A KITTEN.

A NEW YORK paper says: "One of those singular cases of attachment which we hear of between animals of the most dissimilar natures, exists between a pig belonging to Mr. John Grover, of this city, and a half-grown cat. Shortly after purchasing the pig and placing him in his new quarters, a kitten less than two weeks old accidentally fell into the porker's premises. The pig, instead of eating the puny intruder, as most of his relatives would have done, seemed pleased with her company, and showed her every attention consistent with his hoggish nature. How she was sustained during the first few weeks, when she needed a mother's care, no one knows; but kitty soon made herself at home and was always to be found stretched upon the pig's back, or—in what appears to be her favourite position—on the top of his head, between his ears, when he lies down to rest. He rises with great care so as not to displace her. When he walks about she sits quite at ease upon his back, and when he takes his food she walks slowly down to the tub and eats slowly with him—sharing, as it would appear, his 'bed and board.' He seems to take pleasure in caressing her with his snout, and when she gets in his way gently removes her with

the same hoggish member. He appears to watch over her with a jealous care, attacking any one who may enter the sty to molest her. The case is as well authenticated as it is remarkable."

FRANCES COOK.

FRANCES COOK was a little girl of four years of age, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Cook, who are Primitive Methodists at Basingstoke, and they loved their little daughter very much. Indeed she was a great favourite with all who knew her. On the Sabbath-day she might have been seen trotting off to the Sunday-school, for she delighted to go. She was fond of learning little hymns. The last time she was there she learned that little hymn beginning with

"Little children should love Jesus,
He delights to do them good;
Should not children then love Jesus?
Yes, indeed they always should."

Though so young, she would often prattle to her young playmates about heaven, and ask them if they loved Jesus. The Lord saw fit to afflict and take this tender lamb from this sinful world to his own bosom. During her affliction, which was of short duration, she said to her mother, "I shall go and be one of Jesus's lambs;" and then she said, "Mother, shall I have wings?" Her mother replied, "I do not know, my dear;" but she said, "Yes, I shall." She repeated her prayers two or three times, for she loved prayer. And on December 8th, 1864, the Lord took this cherished bud

from this sin-blighted world to a world of glory, there to bloom in eternal sunshine.

F. G. WALLIS.

COME, CHILDREN, COME.

"A FEW nights ago, just as I was going to bed," a person once wrote, "a lady came in, and asked me to come over to a neighbour's house and see 'little Robbie,' less than three years old, who was dying. Her statement of the strange scene induced me to go. Just before I went in, he had several times called, 'Come, children, come,' and I found all the little ones of the household had been brought into his chamber by his parents, to take their last farewell. He called each one by name. One by one they kissed him. It was a scene of great tenderness, and of many tears. One of his brothers was absent at a boarding school, and him he did not call as he did the rest, but said, 'Tell Willie, come.' After the children retired to bed, he repeated again and again the call, "Come, children, come; come, children, come." And whenever his parents asked, 'Where, Robbie?' he would answer, 'To HEAVEN.' Then he would say, as he lay on his back with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, 'Please God, take Robbie; please God, take Robbie.' These expressions were continually interspersed with, 'Papa, come; mamma, come; come, children, come—to heaven.' The last words he spoke were a mere whisper, 'Come, children, come.' The chamber where Robbie died seems now a hallowed spot. One of the little children well expressed this, a while after Robbie's death. 'Mamma,' said

she, 'I was always afraid of a dead person, but there seems to be A GLORY ALL ABOUT.'"

"Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure," says the Rev. S. Kilpin, "which the last words of a dear child caused in my mind. They came from his lips as he lay dying on my shoulder. He repeated the words of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and added, "That is a sweet saying, is it not, uncle?" and then that moment died. He came from the school in good health, he was gathering strawberries in the morning, and was dead in my arms at eleven that night." It is indeed a sweet saying, and should be fixed in every child's mind and memory.

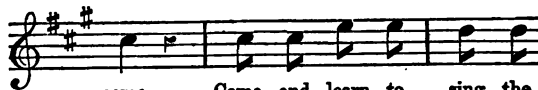
Elizabeth Banks Lace, of Preston, died when four years and a half old. On the afternoon on which she died she frequently threw up her little hands, while her eyes glistened with delight, and exclaimed, "*I'm tummin, I'm tummin,*" meaning "*I am coming.*" Bright and beckoning spirits seemed to be hovering near her. To the maid she said, "I'm dying, but you won't tum yet, Jane." While Mr. Mather was at prayer, she raised herself up and listened, and soon after asking for water it was given her, when she leaned back and expired.

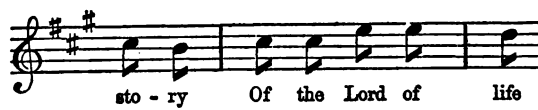
Surely, my little reader, you will rejoice that the little ones come to Jesus; and will not you come to Him, and come just now? O

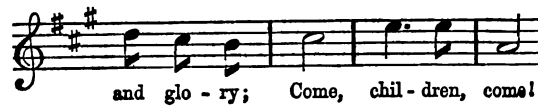
"Early seek his face and favour,
Love and serve your blessed Saviour:
Come, children, come."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

COME, CHILDREN COME.







2 Come, children, come: Christ bids you come:
Early seek his face and favour,
Love and serve your blessed Saviour:
Come, children, come.

3 Come, children, come: the Word says, come,
Come with Zion's sons and daughters,
To the spring of living waters:
Come, children, come.

4 Come, children, come: all bid you come:
Come, unite your hearts and voices,
Listening heaven then rejoices:
Come, children, come.

5 Come, children, come: make heaven your home,
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
You may live in heaven for ever:
Come, children, come.

THE COMMON SEAL.

THE COMMON SEAL.

(*With Engraving.*)

THE seal is a pretty creature, has spots on its skin something like those of a leopard, is from four to five feet long, often weighs above 200 pounds, and can live either in water or on land. It lives in different parts of Europe, and in other countries, and is often found even on the Scotch coasts. It eats fish, is very fond of salmon; and will eat three or four salmon a day. Men spread nets in the water to catch seals while young, but when they are grown they have to be shot or knocked down with clubs. A blow on the nose is often fatal to them. The fore feet are used as fins, and the hinder feet are used like a fish's tail to assist and direct the course of the creature. When a seal is found on the shore, if disturbed, it tries to get into water, but if prevented, it will fight, unless it can somehow escape from its enemy. The Esquimaux, who live, you know, in a cold northern country, have to kill the seal for a livelihood. They get oil from its flesh or blubber, which they use for their lamps, and the fur of the animal makes them warm clothing. The seal-hunting Esquimaux make chairs of pieces of ice, and sit in them with spears in their hands, waiting for seals to come out of the water to breathe the air, and then they strike them with their spears and kill them. Young seals grow fast, and in a few days after birth they are as active as their parents. It is seldom a parent seal has a large family—two being the common number. The young ones are easily tamed, and may be taught to fetch sticks like a dog, or even to catch fish and bring

them to their owners. Natural history tells pretty stories about them, which you will do well to read.

EDITOR.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand,—
Children whose sins are all forgiven:
A holy, happy band,
Singing, 'Glory, Glory, Glory!'"

LET me tell you to-day the story of a little one now standing among that innumerable throng around the throne, shouting "Alleluia" to their King; to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

On a lovely summer Sabbath-day, some fourteen years ago, a youthful Sunday-school teacher met his class in a pretty little school-room, situated in a wild but picturesque part of the southern coast of England. Through the windows of that room, you might see the deep blue sea stretching away to the Isle of Wight on one side; while on the other, fancy could almost see the low shores of the French coast. But we have not now to speak of the beautiful scenery around us, for we seem to hear the school-clock strike nine, and we must all go to our places. The opening hymn is sung (the one a verse of which we have placed at the head of this page). Infant voices join in offering their prayer to "God the Father." Each teacher turns to his charge of little ones, to tell them of Jesu's love, of their heavenly Father's care. The subject for the afternoon

lesson in our class is,—"Thou God seest me." The little ones repeat the text,—all too young to read it yet. Their teacher tells them how God always see them, watches over them, gives them all things which are good for them; and that if they have told Jesus of their sins, repented of them, and believed in his name, He will wash them in his precious blood, and take them home when they die, to be with Him in heaven for ever! One bright, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy looks up, with his beaming face, and asks, "Teacher, does God see us now? Can He see me when I go to bed in the dark; and if I go into the cellar, will He see me there as well?" His teacher told him that none could hide himself from the presence of the living God. A solemn, thoughtful look rests upon the little face as he thinks of the omnipresent and allwise Being who knows the secrets of all hearts. But school-time passes quickly by, and the last hymn is sung:—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away," &c.

Little Johnny joins in the hymn, and heart and soul in the delightful chorus,—

"I have a home in the promised land;
When my Lord calls me, I shall go to meet Him
In the promised land," &c.

Then the scholars separate, each one going to his home, we trust, deeply impressed with what they have heard,—thinking of the "happy land," in which bright mansions are prepared for those who love their Lord.

Monday comes. The school assembles, and all passes on as usual until—

"Fast falls the eventide."

And then we see a crowd collecting on the edge of a high cliff close to the school-house door. We hasten to inquire what is the matter, and sadly we hear the mournful tale: our little Johnny has fallen over the steep, steep height. Climbing on the edge, not knowing his danger, his cap falls from his head; he leans over to reach it, and he falls 400 feet,—the little body bounding from rock to rock, bruised and torn! Kind friends seek him; and after an hour's hard searching, the bruised little one is found, still living; but, alas! none would recognize that crushed and mangled form as that of our little scholar of yesterday, who looked so bright and smiling, as the sun shone on his golden curls. He is taken home, and laid on his little bed. He knows not father, mother, or friends;—one whole day he lingers, unconscious of all earthly things. What is it the dying child is whispering?—Ah! he remembers the sweet hymns of the Sunday-school; he makes no complaint of his suffering, but he speaks words of love to Jesus, repeats his texts, and feebly sings,—

"I have a home in the promised land," &c.

And thus he died, while yet on earth joining in the songs of heaven; and calmly and peacefully he went to sleep on his Saviour's bosom!

Dear children, should you be ready, like little Johnny, if you were called away? Have you been washed in Jesus' blood; and are you ready and anxious to join with that holy, happy band in heaven, singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"

A LOVER OF CHILDREN.

THE NOBLE SLAVE.

SLAVERY has existed in many countries; but in no country in a worse form than in the United States of America, especially in the Southern States, where men, women, and children have been bought and sold, as cattle and sheep, and other things are sold in this country. Evil doing always brings punishment; and because of the evil and sin of slavery that land now mourns, and will long have to mourn, under the effects of the fearful war that has been raging for four years in it. The Northern States wished to put down slavery, but the Southern

States wished to continue it. Therefore the armies have been fighting and killing men by thousands, trying who were to be masters in the dreadful conflict. But as the holy and righteous God reigns in heaven and rules on earth amongst the children of men, He will bring good out of this evil. Already slavery is doomed all over the American continent. The Northern armies have now vanquished the Southern armies; and the President, Abraham Lincoln, has, by proclamation, and with the consent of the Houses of Assembly, (or Parliament,) abolished slavery from most of the American States. So now the war is ended, slavery, it is hoped, will not longer exist in that country.

But we wish to relate a little tale to you about a slave that was kindly treated by his master; for all masters were not equally cruel. If any of you have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, you will recollect how kind Mr. St. Clair was to his slaves, and also how affectionately dear Eva treated poor Topsy. There were both good and bad masters; but the system was bad; and it made most of the masters bad. There was a slave-owner, who lived in the midst of plenty, and seemed to have every thing he could desire; and amongst his slaves was a little sharp noble child, that the master really loved. But poverty sometimes overtakes the most unlikely, and this rich planter, and owner of large estates and numbers of slaves, was brought into difficulties; and to save his credit, and prevent his ruin, he actually arranged to raffle his favourite little slave for a large sum of money.

Amongst the many persons to try who was to have the little slave was a noble Englishman, who wished to have him to give him his liberty. The lots were drawn, and the Englishman obtained the fine boy, to whom he gave immediate liberty; but the boy was so attached to his master, that while he thanked his kind benefactor for his unexpected act of generosity, he gave himself back to his master, and said he would live with him and serve him all his days. The planter was so amazed at the self-sacrifice of the boy, that, in the presence of all the persons assembled, he said he had always loved the noble boy, but now he should love him more than ever; and that when he attained the age of manhood, he would make him entirely free, and then he could either remain with him, and serve him and love him, and be loved, or else they could part in a manly and friendly way. The noble act of the Englishman, the sacrifice of liberty by the little slave, through love to his master, and the declaration of the master, all received the approval of the people assembled; and the master clasped the boy to his bosom, and took him again to his home, as represented in our cut at the beginning of this article. W. B. LEIGHTON.

INDUSTRY.

Dost thou mark, little boy, that buzzing bee
Pass from flower to flower and from tree to tree;
It rises betimes with the rising sun
And rushes to its hive when its race is run:
And mark what the Scripture itself doth say,
"Awake and work while 'tis called to-day."

DICKEY'S DIRGE.

Poor little Dickey—thy grave shall be
'Neath the shady boughs of the laurel tree,
Whose glossy leaves and feathery crest
Will softly wave o'er thy downy breast.

"I wonder whether in spirit land,"
Said a lively girl, as she pressed my hand,
"Birds have a heaven, if so it be
I'm sure, sweet Dickey, there's one for thee.

Thy song was so cheerful, thou bonnie bird,
And when our young voices were softly heard
In gentle chorus, thy tiny throat
Would sweetly echo a mellow note.

But all is now o'er—thy quick bright eye
Will never more gaze on the soft blue sky,
Nor thy merry chirrup again be heard;
Farewell, sweet Dickey, thou bonnie bird."

M. Squire.

MOTHERS OF SALEM.

My Little Friends,—This is a beautiful tune, one written in Germany, and first sung in England to the words,—

"O come, come away,
From labour now reposing,"

now slightly altered, and sung in our schools with zest and glee to the expressive words, beginning,—

"When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,"

O say you, would not I like to have seen them bring the little Jewish children to Jesus?

"I should like to have been with Him there."

Some time since I heard a little lad repeat some sweet expressive verses, written by an American lady, Julia Gill, and they are to be found in the *Christian Treasury* and many other magazines. She has pictured out the Jewish mother anxious to get to Jesus with her children. It opens with these lines,—

"The Master has come over Jordan,
Said Hannah the mother one day."

And when her husband tries to hinder her from taking the children with her, she says,—

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan."

And onward she travels through the vineclad land of Judah, as is tenderly said,—

"With Rachel, her brothers between."

They reach the Saviour, and He takes them in his arms and blesses them. So, my young friend, is He ready to bless us, if we will come to Him, and early seek his face and favour.

Many little ones have come to Jesus. They have learned to sing the refrain,—

"Come to Jesus just now,"

And now they are happy spirits with him in Paradise.

The hymn is lengthy. It speaks of Christ as a Shepherd; and how delightful the Scripture truth, "I am the good Shepherd." A good shepherd specially cares for the lambs of his flock. He takes them up, carries them in his arms, and folds them

to his bosom. Will He not fold you in his arms?

While we rejoice that his love is known to us, we are led on in the hymn to speak of that truth, that

"There are many thousands who have never heard his name,"

"The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said,
Suffer the children to come unto Me."

Let us think of heathen children. What have you done for them? Do you give money or prayers that the Bible and missionaries may reach them. The hymn-book says,—

"Should you like to be told the right use of a penny,
I will tell you a way that is better than any:
Not on apples, or cakes, or playthings to spend it,
But over the seas to the heathen to send it."

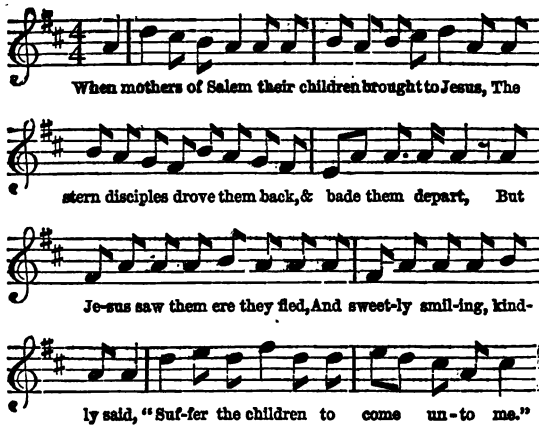
Surely you will join in the prayers of the last verse of this hymn, that soon every tribe and nation may cast away their idols to the moles and the bats, and learn to worship the living God.

The heathen everywhere are cruel; they have even eaten each other, as in New Zealand, where Mr. Ward and others have gone. Or they are so foolish as to worship the missionary's tom cat, when perched on the rafters of their idol-house, as did the natives of one of the South Sea Islands. Softly then join our closing prayer,—

"Teach them, dear Saviour, to come unto Thee."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

MOTHERS OF SALEM.

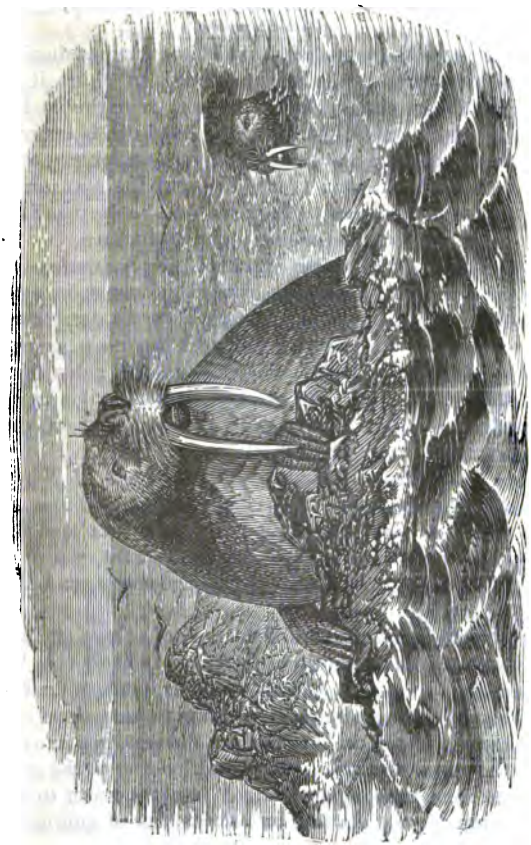


For I will receive them, and fold them in my bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, O drive them not away,
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live,
Suffer the children to come unto Me.

How kind was our Saviour to bid these children welcome!
But there are many thousands who have never heard his name;
The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said,
Suffer the children to come unto Me.

And oh, how we pity those poor deluded creatures,
Who worship gods of wood and stone, which they themselves have made!
Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray,
That they may hear thee to them say,
Suffer the children to come unto Me.

And soon may the heathen of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil thy blessed word, and cast their idols all away.
Oh shine upon them from above,
And show thyself the God of love:
Teach them, dear Saviour, to come unto Thee.



THE MORSE, OR ARCTIC WALRUS.

THE MORSE, or ARCTIC WALRUS,

(*With Engraving.*)

EXHIBITS the same habits, and the same peculiarity of structure, as the Seal, although in figure it is much more clumsy, but it is most remarkable for the enormous tusks with which its mouth is armed: these tusks are about sixteen inches in length, and more valuable than ivory, owing to their superior degree of hardness. They are said to be used by the animal when climbing up on an iceberg.

The Walrus, unless attacked, is an inoffensive creature, but, when once roused, becomes, in consequence of its great strength, rather a dangerous opponent: with its tusks alone it has been known to pierce the planks and rip open the sides of a ship's boat. But the greatest danger exists in its efforts to upset the boat, by lifting it out of the water on its enormous back.

The Walrus is found in different parts of North America in great troops, amounting at times to seven or eight thousand; and vast numbers are killed for the sake of their skins and fat, the skin being used in America for carriage-traces, and the fat melted into oil.

Some years ago part of the crew of a sloop trading with the Esquimaux were attacked in their boat by a great number of these animals, and, notwithstanding their utmost endeavours to keep them off, a small one, more daring than the rest, got in over the stern, and after sitting and looking at the men for some time, again plunged into the water to his companions. At that instant another of enormous size was getting in over the bow, and every other

means proving ineffectual to prevent the approach of such an unwelcome visitor, the bowman took up a gun loaded with goose-shot, put the muzzle into the animal's mouth and shot him dead. He immediately sank, and was followed by the rest of his companions, and the people in the boat had just time to reach the ship before they were ready to make a second attack.

THE MUDDY PENNY.

When I was a boy, a circumstance happened which I shall never forget,—not even if I should live to be a hundred years old. As I was playing in the streets of a large city, I saw a little boy, younger than myself, who seemed to be in great distress. His eyes were much swollen by crying, and his loud sobs first attracted my attention. "What's the matter, Eddie?" I inquired. "Why—why, I've lost my penny, and mother will whip me," he replied, and then burst anew into tears. "Where did you lose it?" "It dropped out of my hand; and rolled right there into the gutter." "Poor little fellow!" I thought, as I really sympathized with him, and offered to help him to find the lost treasure.

Eddie brushed away the tears with his arm, and his countenance brightened with hope, as he saw me roll up my coat sleeve, and thrust my hand into the gutter. How intently did he watch each handful, as it came out freighted with the mud, and pebbles, and pieces of rusted iron! Perhaps the next would bring out his penny! At last I found it. "Oh, I'm so glad!" I hear the little

reader say. "And how glad you must have been, too! Now you could dry up little Eddie's tears, and make his face bright and his heart happy Now he could skip and run all the way home without the fear of his mother's displeasure." But, dear children, listen to the end, and while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good for a life-time. I kept little Eddie's penny! As soon as I felt its round disc in my hand, all covered with mud as it was, I forgot all the lessons I had learned at home and in the Sunday-school. I forgot about God, that his eyes were looking right down on me. The wicked one entered into me, as you know he once did into Judas, when for money he betrayed the blessed Saviour. I sold my honour, my good feelings, and my truthfulness, all for a penny. I searched a little longer, after I had washed it and contrived to hide it, and then, putting on a sad face, told little Eddie that I could not find it, that there was no use in looking any longer for it. Oh, how the big tears swelled his eyes, as with disappointed look he turned away! How mean I felt! I felt guilty, and well I might; for I had already broken three of God's commandments. I had coveted; that led me to steal; and then came in regular order the lie to cover up all. Alas! what sin leads to! Many years have gone by since that wicked act. Since then I have asked God to pardon me for that and many other sins I have committed; and though I love my Saviour, and hope that in his mercy the sins of my youth and of my after years will not be remembered against me, yet I can never

blot out of memory's page the dark spot which that muddy penny has imprinted upon it.

Extracted by WILLIAM WEBSTER.

THE LOST CHILD.

"I HAVE heard of a lady in London, who had an only son, a sweet little fellow of four or five years of age. One morning he went to the door to play, and from that time he was lost. His mother and friends sought him all over the vast city. Advertisements were put into the newspapers, and placards posted on the walls concerning him; but all their efforts were in vain. The mother at length gave him up, and wept for him as for one that is dead. A few years afterwards, the lady answered a knock at the door. Before her stood a little sweep, with bag and brush, tattered clothes, and sooty face and hands. 'Want chimney sweeping, ma'am? Come to-morrow morning.' The lady started as if transfixed to the spot. 'Can this be my poor lost boy?' mentally asked the anxious mother. The sweep repeated his inquiry. It was enough; her long-lost child stood before her. In a moment he was in her arms, and pressed close to her bosom. Any other lady would have bid him go and wash, ere she took hold of his hands; but this lady was his mother, and therefore she saw not his rags, or the soot that defiled him. He was her son, and that was enough."

Sent by W. WEBSTER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

Two persons lived in America within half a mile of each other. The name of the oldest settler was Dood, and when he was told that the person who had the next farm to his was a Quaker of the name of Lawson, he said he would make him be glad to move away again; for Dood entertained a very ill feeling towards the Quakers. He, therefore, soon commenced a system of annoyances; and whenever one of Lawson's pigs happened to stray near Dood's place, it was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things went on thus for about a year; and Lawson, a man of decided peace principles, never resented the injuries inflicted by his spiteful neighbour. But matters were drawing to a close, for Dood was more and more enraged at Lawson being so quiet, and made oath that he

would do something before long to wake him up. Now Lawson had a beautiful young horse, of which he was really proud, and had refused to sell it for a large sum of money. Well then, one evening, a little after sunset, as Dood was passing around his cornfield, he saw the young horse of his neighbour feeding on the common land that lay between the two farms, so took down some of the fence-rails that enclosed his farm, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. This answered his purpose; and early the next morning he took his gun, and shot the young horse. On the morning of the third day after this cruel act, one of Dood's servants saw Mr. Lawson on horseback searching for his strayed horse, and told about his master killing the horse. Lawson then rode home with a heavy heart; but used no threatening, nor did he go to law to recover any damages; he calmly awaited his place and hour of revenge. It soon came.

Dood had a fine Darkin heifer, for which he paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains. One morning, as Lawson was sitting down to breakfast, his eldest son came in to tell that Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled down all their well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" asked Lawson.

"I put her in the farm-yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

After breakfast, Lawson mounted his horse, and rode over to Dood's house, who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed that he was coming to demand pay for his young horse, and he secretly swore that he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"A fine morning, neighbour Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Lawson, as he mounted the steps, and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I come rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Dood.

"This morning my son found thy heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood harshly.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer, in thy garden?" asked Lawson.

"I would have shot her!" replied Dood madly, "as I suppose you have done; but I expect we are even now. Heifer for horse, is only 'tit for tat.'"

"Neighbour Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would have a hair off thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, and thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my horse; but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil to heart against my neighbours. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Lawson rose from his chair, and was going to leave, when Dood stopped him, and hastily asked, "What was your horse worth?"

"A hundred dollars (above £20) is what I asked for it," replied Lawson.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood returned with some gold in his hand.

"Here's the price of your horse; and hereafter let there be pleasantness between us."

Lawson mounted his horse, and rode home with a lighter heart; and from that day Dood was as good a neighbour as any person could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING OF GOOD FOR EVIL. W. B. LEIGHTON.

CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.

WHAT a pretty chorus, my young readers! How nicely it sounds at the Sabbath-school festival,—

"Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing."

How it throws one's memory back to the time when Jesus walked and talked with men, and when drawing near to the city of Jerusalem, the multitude followed Him, and the children cried, Hosanna! hosanna! It makes one think of the old hymn, so often sung by children,—

"When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along," &c.

The tune you sing it to is one adapted from the great musician, Handel, one who lived in the days of the Wesleys, and wrote music such as was never written before for beauty and grandeur.

The hymn is truthful, for the Saviour Jesus regards you from above with tender compassion. You are called on to praise Him for his great compassion and for his precious love.

Three pretty pictures are found in this hymn. One when the children crowded round Him while on earth, and sang his praises. Cannot you see Him, my little reader, and are you not ready to say,—

"I wish that I had been with Him then."

Another picture is that tender, loving one, when the anxious mothers pressed round Him, and the little ones He blessed.

The third, as you now assemble in the Sabbath-school, and sing the praise of Christ. O how you should praise Him till you meet Him in heaven, there to praise Him world without end.

Let me tell you of a dear little one, who loved to praise the Saviour. Little Mary was sick, and felt that she must die; but she was the child of many prayers, and trusting in Jesus, was willing to go to that happy land, far, far away. With a sad heart the mother watched her dying child. One day the little one said to her, "Mother, when I am dead, and am put in my little coffin, do not put any roses round my head, as some persons do." "Why not, my darling child?" asked the weeping mother. "Because," said the child, "they crowned my Saviour's head with thorns."

When this story was told the poet Montgomery, he wrote the following lines :—

"Mamma," a little maiden said,
Almost with her expiring sigh,
"Put no sweet roses round my head,
When in my coffin dress I lie."
"Why not, my dear," the mother cried,
"What flower so well a corpse adorns?"
"Mamma," the innocent replied,
"They crowned my Saviour's head with thorns."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

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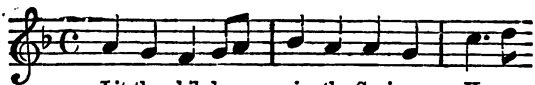
1 Little children, praise the Saviour;
He regards you from above,
Praise Him for his great salvation,
Praise Him for his precious love.
Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.

2 When He left his home in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang his praises,
And it pleased his gracious ear.
Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.

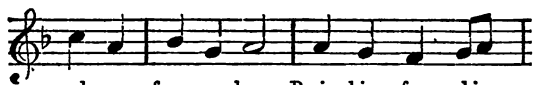
3 When the anxious mothers round him,
With their tender infants press'd,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones he bless'd.
Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.

4 Little children, praise the Saviour;
Praise Him, your undying Friend;
Praise Him, till in heaven you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end.
Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.

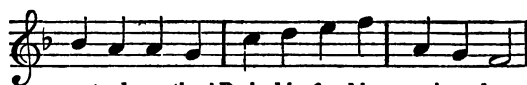
CHILDREN'S HOSANNAH.



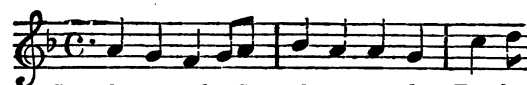
Lit-tle chil-dren, praise the Saviour, He re-



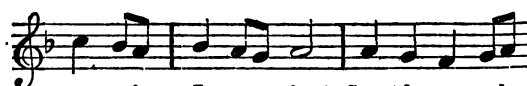
gards you from a - bove. Praise him for his



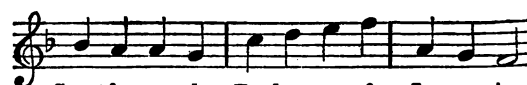
great sal - va-tion! Praise him for his precious love



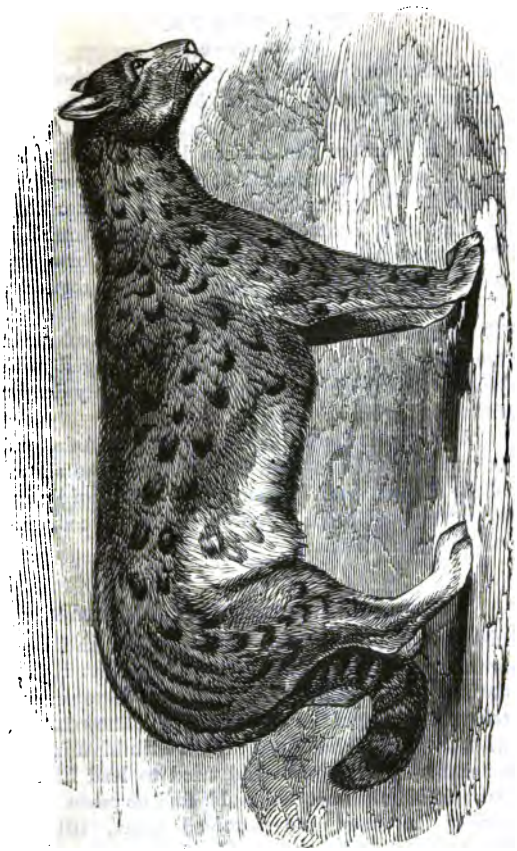
Sweet ho-san - nahs, Sweet ho - san - nahs, To the



name of Je - sus sing! Sweet ho - san-nahs,



Sweet ho-san-nahs, To the name of Je - sus sing.



THE OUNCE.

THE OUNCE.

(With Engraving.)

THE ounce was regarded by Cuvier and other celebrated naturalists as one of the leopards, but was shown by Dr. Gray to be a distinct species. It is about the size of the African leopard, and when seen at a little distance might be easily taken for a leopard. Its fur is, however, much thicker than the leopard's, is rougher, and is differently marked. The spots on the body are not distinct in form, and as they lie in some parts in rows and close together, they have somewhat the appearance of stripes. The tail is long and bushy. The general colour of the body is a grayish white slightly tinged with yellow, the upper parts being considerably deeper than the lower.

The ounce is found in some parts of Asia, and fine specimens have been brought from the shores of the Persian Gulf. From the thickness of its fur it is supposed to be fitted for living in cool and mountainous districts.

HOW HARRY BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

HARRY, a boy about thirteen years old, had been for a long time anxious to give his heart to the Saviour and become a Christian; but there seemed to be something in the way. He did not know exactly what to do. He had been to talk with his minister a number of times, who had tried to lead him to trust in Christ, but he could find no peace. He carried a weary and troubled heart, till one day his teacher, hearing that he had been seeking

the Saviour, took an opportunity to talk with him.

"Harry," said she, "I understand that you have been thinking about religion lately."

"Yes, I have," he replied. "I want to be a Christian—I want to give my heart to the Saviour, but I can't."

"Why, what is your heart, that you can't give it to him?"

He looked up half astonished at such a question, and after a moment's consideration, he replied:

"I don't know; I can't tell what it is."

"Well, then, Harry, get the dictionary, and we will see what it is."

So he got the dictionary, and found it to be the affections, the love.

"Yes, *the love*; now put that word in place of heart, and do you mean to say you cannot love the Saviour?"

"Yes!" Harry said, looking as if he had got hold of a new idea, "but I want to love Him. I have prayed that He would give me a new heart (correcting himself,) a new love, but he does not give it to me."

"Why, how can he, when your old heart is full of something else? There is something for you to do first. You must make a place for the new love by repenting of your sins, and laying them upon Him. You must give up everything for Him. Did you hear of the Indian and the Missionary? The Indian wanted to be a Christian. The missionary said he must give up all for Christ, and then he would be a Christian. 'Well,' said he,' 'I give up

my blanket.' 'No; that is not enough.' 'I give up my gun.' 'Not yet enough.' 'I give up my dog.' 'More yet.' The Indian dropped his head and wept. He had nothing else to give. 'Are you sure that is all?' At last he said, 'I give myself to him.' 'Aye, that will do.'"

Harry understood it. "Yourself is your heart, and your heart is your love, Harry. You can give it to the Saviour; ask Him, and he will help you to do it. He is good, and has done much for you. He only asks you to love him. Why, Harry, how can you help loving Him?"

"I don't know how I can help it; but it appears as if there was something in the way."

"Whatever that is, you must take it out of the way; you must open the door of your heart and the Saviour will come in."

After a few minutes his teacher said, "Now, Harry, will you give yourself to the Saviour? Will you make up your mind to it?"

"*Yes; I will,*" he answered.

He went home and cried out on entering the door, "O mother! I have given myself to the Saviour," and burst into tears.

His mother was overjoyed, although she could not help mingling her tears with those of her only son and only child, for whom she had prayed so long.

May this account of Harry's experience lead some of the children who read this story, to do as Harry did.—Go to Jesus and say, "I will give thee my heart. Take it and give me a new heart, a new love, that I may grow to be like Jesus, and do his holy will day by day;" and the blessed Saviour will

answer your prayer if you are in earnest; for he said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

THE PROOF OF A CHILD'S LOVE.

A VERY little girl said to her mother one day, "Mamma, I love you!" The mother was busy, and did not reply, and so she repeated her words, "Mamma, I love you!" Still the mother made but a slight answer, and little Alice said again very earnestly, "Mamma, I do love you!" "But why do you think so, my child?" said the mother. "Because," said Alice, "I love to do all I can to please you."

That was a very fine and a very sweet reason why little Alice might think she loved her mother. And it must be for just such a reason as that we can ever know that we love Jesus. Do you, little reader, do all you can to please your mamma? do you love to be kind, gentle, and obedient? love to pray, and to forgive, and to be generous to every one?

Now if the little girl had obeyed her mother because she must do it or be punished, she could not have been sure there was such a precious love in her heart; but when she pleased her kind mother because she wished to do it, there was the sweet proof that she really loved. It is just so in obeying Christ; you do not love Him unless your heart chooses above all things to please Him in whatever you do. Little reader, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," &c., Eccl. xii. 1.

H. PORTNALL.

THE STORK.

The bird, the figure of which is on this page, is spoken of in different parts of the Scriptures; but our present business is to attend briefly to two or three of its traits, from which we may learn useful lessons.

First,—It is distinguished for love to its parents, which it never forsakes, but tenderly feeds and cherishes when they have become old, and unable to provide for themselves. In this respect we are taught to "honour our parents," as the Lord has commanded; and our honouring them should be shown by our affection, obedience, and doing all we can to make them happy in mind and comfortable in body. Remember, children, that if you forget to do these, you are worse than storks.

Second,—In their nesting season storks are so affectionate to each other, and so much united, that when an enemy threatens them, they go out in a body to resist him. This should teach children to be kind to each other, and not to form themselves into quarreling parties, but into *revival and praying bands*, to oppose the world, the flesh and the devil, and to try to spread the work of God at home and abroad.

Third,—When the season draws to an unfavourable state, storks are aware of it, and meeting together, they leave one part of the world to go to another, where the air will be more agreeable. This is called by some people *instinctive conduct*, but we will call it *obedience to those views and feelings which are given them by their Creator*. Now if they, by doing as God would have them, avoid danger, and secure their own welfare, surely we ought to do the same, for we have immortal souls. Shall a stork flee from the winter which threatens its life, and repair to a country where the climate is safe, and yet we be so foolish as to live in sin, which threatens the ruin of our souls and bodies for ever? Oh! if such be our folly, the conduct of the stork—a mere bird—will rise up to condemn us in the day of judgment.

THE FORGOTTEN PENNY.

While travelling in my last station, we had been holding a Missionary Meeting at a certain place in the country, when I retired to the house of a kind friend at the close. There was a little interesting girl of about seven years of age staying with the

family for a few days; she had been to the service, and after we had been in but a short time, she broke out all at once and said, "Oh dear me! I forgot my penny!" She was to have taken a penny to the meeting, and put it in the plate; but alas, it was left in the house, and was forgotten. So I at once replied, "You had better fetch it and present it now, and ease your mind on the subject." She readily did so, and appeared quite cheerful and happy.

Now, dear children, allow me to request you to think of a penny. "Yes," you may say, "I do think of the pennies, and I often get a penny from father, from mother, from grandfather, and grandmother." But how do you spend your pennies? Do you not too often spend them in sweets and other useless things, when you might put them to a better purpose?

Think of the poor heathen, and save up all the pennies you possibly can. There is the Australian Mission. Properly speaking, that is the Children's Mission. But I fear too many of our dear scholars are allowing their memories to fail on the subject. There appears too much forgetfulness of the annual penny. Oh think what power there is in a penny, both for good and evil. A penny tract has been useful in saving a soul from hell. Dear children, don't forget your pennies for missionary boxes and funds, and Jesus will bless you in return.

"A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en the poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven."

E. HANCOCK.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Do my young friends ever think how almost all that is good comes to us? Did you ever see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth goes the seed of the corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows full well that he has done what he could; so he kindly sends the gentle rain, drop by drop, and not one of these little drops ever forgets its errand—the pleasant errand upon which the good God sent it to the earth. "I have found you out," says the rain-drop to the tiny grain of wheat, 'though you are dead and in your grave. God has sent me to raise you up." Well, there is nothing impossible with Him; so, when the rain-drop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade in the warm sunlight. That is nobly done; and if the great God pleased He could make that little blade strong and fruitful in a single moment. Does He do this? No. Little by little does the stalk wax strong; and its leaves grow slowly, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with everything that is good? Should we like another way better? *Impatience* would.

It is only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say, "I am tired, tired, tired! Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch! It will never be done."

"But was not this one knit stitch by stitch?" I asked, taking a long one from her basket and holding it up.

"Yes."

"Well, this is done."

The little girl was counting, instead of knitting her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks? "Poor man," Impatience would say; "what an undertaking!—to start from the earth and go so far towards the sky, brick by brick!" Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try, and not succeed at last? So then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the best way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy with the thought that he has taken one step in the way of wisdom and virtue. But remember one thing, dear little friend, the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help; and it is by the same help that it increases day by day. As the little rain-drop—God's beautiful messenger—descends into its tomb, so in the darkness and death of sin the Holy Spirit comes to us. If He breathe upon our hearts, we live to do good; without Him we do nothing good. Let us obey his Spirit, and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

Do you, my young friend? Would you wish to live as angels live, loving and serving God, and ministering to the heirs of bliss? You have thought

sometimes of angels, and looked at them as the painters prettily put them before you in pictures.

There is a pretty little song of the great musician, G. F. Handel,—

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh take me to your care."

But it is hardly truthful, for if angels care for us, it is because our Father, God, gives them their work to do.

There is a pretty verse in one of our hymns,—

"For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

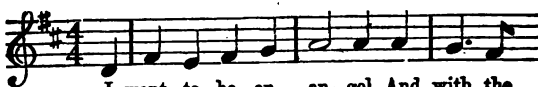
There was a little girl sitting at a cottage door one evening, who when spoken to, told her dear mother that she wanted to be an angel; and not many days after the child sickened and died. When a gentleman heard of this, he wrote the hymn.

William Davies, of Liverpool, seven years of age, when dying, was questioned whether he was happy. He said, "Quite happy!" Shortly before his death he said, "I see a beautiful angel. Sister, do you see that pretty rainbow? do you hear that sweet music? Just listen! I hear them every night—every night." In this heavenly state of mind he continued till his Saviour took him, aged seven years.

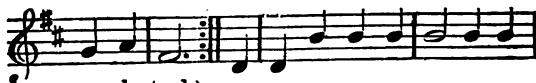
Another boy, Charles Solomons, a little while before he passed away from earth, suddenly raised his arm, and pointing to a corner of the room, said, "*There is heaven!*" A few minutes after he closed his eyes in death.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

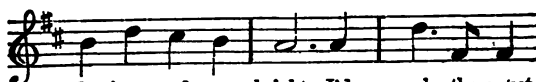
I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



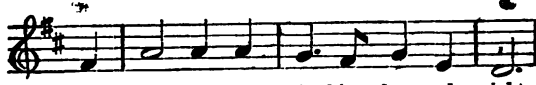
I want to be an an - gel, And with the
A crown up-on my forehead, A harp with-



an-gels stand } There right be-fore my Saviour, So
in my hand }



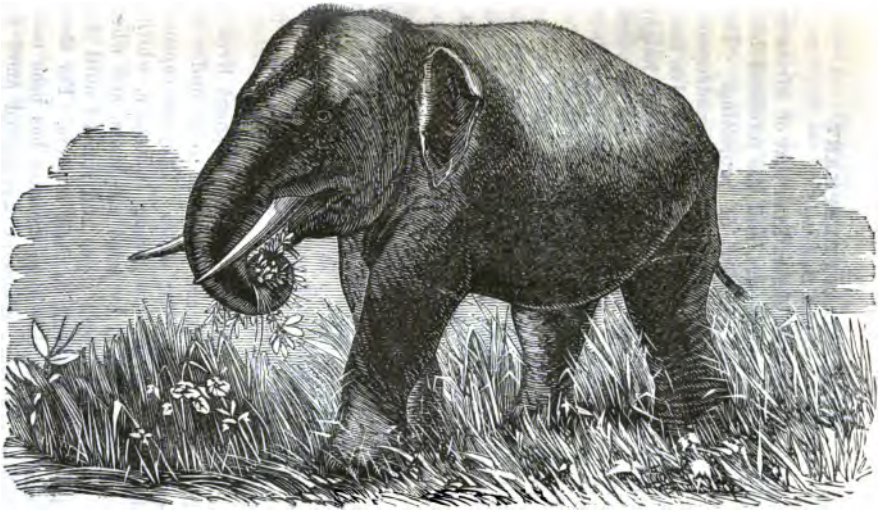
glo-rious and so bright, I'd wake the sweet-



est mu - sic, And praise him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise Him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.



THE ASIATIC ELEPHANT.

THE ASIATIC ELEPHANT.

(*With Engraving.*)

THE Asiatic elephant differs from that of Africa in having much smaller ears, and the forehead hollowed or concave, instead of projecting. The elephant is one of the largest of living quadrupeds, and sometimes grows to the height of twelve feet, though such examples are rare, the usual height being between eight and nine feet. It is provided with two tusks attached to the upper jaw; these grow to a great size, and as they form the ivory of commerce, they add greatly to the value of the animal, which is often hunted and destroyed for the sake of its tusks alone. It is more remarkable, however, for its extraordinary trunk, or proboscis, which it has the power of moving in all directions, and which in many respects performs the services of a hand. With its trunk the elephant can uproot grass or trees, can raise vast weights from the ground, or can pick up the smallest coin; with its trunk it conveys food to its mouth, and when it drinks pours water by the same means down its throat.

In its wild state the Asiatic elephant lives in large herds, which are supposed to be under the guidance of the oldest males. They are captured by being driven into strong inclosures, whither they are decoyed by tame elephants, and where they are bound with ropes and starved until they learn to be obedient to their masters. For thousands of years this huge creature has been made subject to man, whom he has served amid the terrors of war as well as in times of peaceful in-

dustry. In battle he carries a tower full of armed men upon his back: in the grand processions of the East he is decked with costly trappings, and, by his presence, adds splendour to the pageant. As a beast of burden he is unwearied; and in India he is used in hunting the tiger, whom he will follow through the thickest jungle.

The docility and sagacity of the elephant are well known, and whole volumes might be filled with accounts of the clever things he has been known to do.

The colour of the elephant is between a deep gray and dusky brown, but occasionally elephants are found quite white; these are highly prized and are mostly reserved to figure in state shows.

SARAH COOK.

SARAH COOK, daughter of John and Jane Cook, of Wyndham Row, in the Maryport Circuit, was born April 4th, 1858, and died March 13th, 1865. She was a promising girl, loved the Sabbath-school, and was attentive to her teacher. Her death was sudden. She was seized with a pain in the foot, which caused her death in two days. In her affliction she was happy, and she sang,—

> "Oh, that will be joyful,
> When we meet to part no more."

She prayed a great deal, and in the afternoon of the day before she died, she called her brother to her, and said to him, "I have seen heaven, and O what a beautiful place it is! and I have seen Eleanor Rook there." (This was one of our members, who died in the Lord two days before.) As

she grew weaker, she often said how happy she was, and her last words—that were understood—were, "Mother, I am going to heaven."

H. MILBURN.

KITTIE'S NEW SONG.*

"HAPPY day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away,"

Sang little Kitty again and again, down in the summer-house; and the silvery notes came through the open window into papa's study, and papa laid down his book to listen.

Soon the voice ceased, and little pattering feet were heard in the stair-way, and then a gentle knock.

"Come in, Kittie."

"Papa, isn't this a nice hymn? Please may I sing it to you? I like 'happy day' part the best, papa."

"The chorus you mean, don't you, Kittie—the lines repeated in every verse? But why?"

"Because, papa, I can't quite understand the rest; but I know that if Jesus had not washed my sins away, I could never go to heaven to live with Him."

"Why not, Kittie?"

Kittie repeated slowly the verse she had learned that morning: "'There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.' And, papa, I used to make lies."

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* Kittie was the daughter of Mr. Bradbury, an eminent music composer in America.

"And do you think Jesus has washed away that sin, Kittie?"

"Yes, papa, I asked him to; and if we ask, we shall receive, you know. Don't you like those lines too, papa?"

"Yes, Kittie, very much."

"Please sing it with me once."

And so papa and his little child sang together of that happy day, when Jesus washed their sins away.

A GOOD OLD MAN.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door. Out came a Herrnhuter (better known by the name of United Brethren), with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging." "Presently," replied the Herrnhuter. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at a distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they at length reached another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer, upon this, said to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble—the first field was much better than this." "Very true, Sir," replied the good man, "but it was not *mine*."

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

Our young friends will find the account of Hagar and Ishmael being sent away, given in the 21st chapter of Genesis. Hagar had aforetime behaved very unseemly towards her mistress Sarah, to whom she was laid under great obligations; and now, Ishmael *mocked*, either at Sarah or at Isaac, in such a manner that St. Paul, Gal. iv. 29, calls it *persecution*. These tokens of ingratitude and contempt towards Sarah not only filled her with grief, but were also highly displeasing to God. Hence when Sarah wished Hagar and Ishmael to be sent away, and the thoughts thereof distressed Abraham, God

commanded him to hearken to the voice of Sarah in this respect, promising that He would be with Ishmael, and that from him should spring a numerous progeny,—*a nation.* Relying upon the promise of God, and in obedience to his commands, Abraham sent away Hagar and Ishmael, giving them bread and a bottle of water to sustain them on their journey, according to the custom of the country. But how sorrowful would both Hagar and Ishmael feel, in being thus sent away from the tents of plenty! What a mournful parting from the venerable and pious Abraham; the kind master of the one, and the affectionate father of the other! How sad the fruits of ingratitude towards friends and benefactors! May our young readers learn to revere and obey their parents, and be grateful to masters and superiors for all the kindness shown to them; and then will they avoid the sorrow and disgrace which often fall upon the disobedient and unthankful.

THE INFANT CLASS.

"I DO love our Sunday-school; you can't think what a happy place our Sunday-school is." Now Maggie Hart, who says so, is a very small girl, not quite five years old; but she is glad to go to Sunday-school, and tries to remember what she hears. Listen while Maggie tells her mother something about school.

"When we went into school we all sang that pretty hymn,—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away;"

Then teacher prayed that we might every one love Jesus here, try to be like Jesus, then live for ever in heaven with Jesus. And we learned a text out of the Bible, I think I can say it, I'll try,—'Jesus shall gather the lambs with his arm.' Teacher says that little boys and girls who love Jesus, and try to do what He wants them to do, are his lambs; and He won't let them get lost, and He is quite able to take care of them, and He won't let anybody take them away from Him. I mean to be one of his lambs. I am sleepy; so please kiss me, dear mother, and I'll say 'Our Father.'"

LOTTIE WILSON.

"JESUS IS MINE."

"PAPA," said a child, "is not the day after to-morrow Friday?"

"Yes, my child."

"Papa," said he, "is not that the day of prayer?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Papa, won't you have me prayed for? I have been trying to find Jesus and cannot—I want Jesus."

The Friday meeting came—an immense gathering of people, and there was such a blessing poured forth that the father on that occasion entirely forgot his promise to the child; and at the close of the meeting, the people rose and sung,—

"Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine."

The little fellow was at the end of the crowd, but he pushed his way through, and flung himself into his father's arms, looked up into his face with a countenance of joy, and said, "Papa, I have got

Jesus now—Jesus is mine; I have Jesus—Jesus is mine."

That is now just five years ago, but oh! how sweet for the little boy still to remember his young love to Jesus. May all my young readers give their hearts to Jesus, and with this little boy sing, "Jesus is mine." H. P.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

All o'er the country is this hymn known, and though not always sung to the same tune, yet the refrain or chorus is usually well known to whichever it may be sung. It has been a source of joy to many a school, and there are few Sabbath-scholars who do not sing it.

It is a children's hymn, and while it tells them of heaven and of glory, and of children there, it puts the question to them of—how came they there? and then shows them in the verse, "Because the Saviour shed his blood."

A gentleman writing about Sabbath-scholars, remarked, "Once I remember being in Lancashire in Whitsun week. It was a bright morning, and there came driving into the station a lengthy train crowded with children, but soon more got in, and the train began to move. A low soft strain of music rose from one of the carriages, then it was taken up by others. I caught the tune and the words, "Singing glory, glory, glory." Then the music swelled high above the rumbling of the wheels; and as the train swept out of sight, I could still hear the distant melody,—

"On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name,
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory."

It died away, and left only the memory of the past to soothe and cheer." Such is a frequent scene where Sabbath-schools abound, and contrasts with the lewd songs too often heard in excursion trains.

A pretty little story is told of a lady and her little daughter coming to a house where a blind boy lived, who had had some education in the Blind School, and had there learned to sing. He was sitting in the porch making willow baskets, and was singing this hymn, none the less beautiful because so simple and so well known,—

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand."

As they listened, again and again the chorus rang out, "Singing glory, glory, glory." The lad was poor and blind, but while his mother was absent, he could spend his hours happily while he worked and sang. The little girl learned a lesson of contentment from the blind boy she did not soon forget.

You have perhaps learned it, my young reader, and have sung it at home and in school, as well as at the Sabbath-school Anniversary, but your songs on earth may soon be ended, and then have you sought the Saviour's grace, and will you sing in the better land, "Glory, glory, glory"?

I think it is the Rev. C. Bateman that speaks of an Anniversary where they sang it, and sang it so well that he told them he hoped they would sing it

the next year, if he should come to see them again. There was one young girl who sang so sweetly and thoughtfully that he inquired about her, and remembered her. The next year came. He was there and preached their sermons, but the scholar was not there. She had practised with them, and thought she should be there, but she was in her coffin, for she had become very ill and died a few days before, and her schoolfellows, as well as they could for their tears, sang the hymn over her remains in the afternoon, ere they were committed to the ground. UNCLE WILLIAM.

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1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand:
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

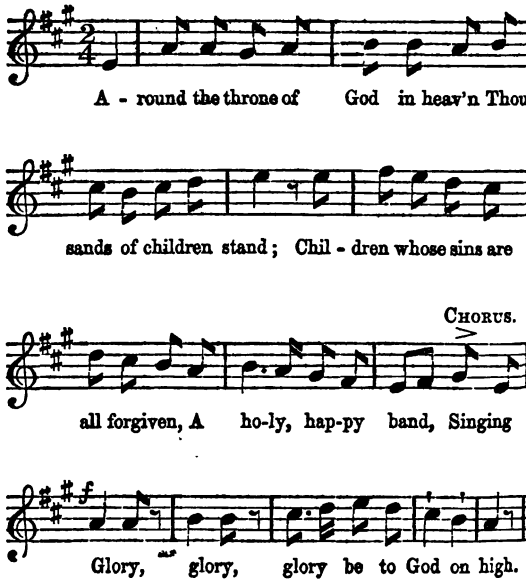
2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one array'd:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing glory, &c.

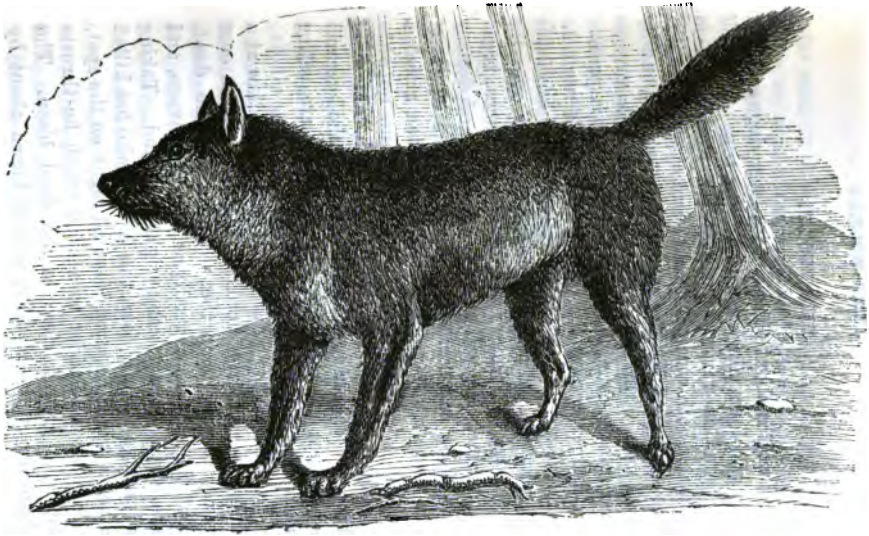
3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there?
Singing glory, &c.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing glory, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name,
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, &c.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.





THE WOLF.

THE WOLF.

(With Engraving.)

THE wolf is about the size of a large dog, and is of a gray colour mingled with a fawn tint. The wolf is found in various parts of the world, and in climates both warm and cold; and everywhere it is the scourge of the flocks and herds, and at enmity with man. Terrible stories are told of its ravages in northern countries, especially when it is pressed by hunger during the winter. At this season the wolves hunt in large packs amounting to hundreds in number, and will follow the traveller over the snowy waste for hours together. Sometimes, urged by famine, they will enter the villages and destroy the sheep and cattle in spite of all the efforts of the owners. A troop of them will often attack a bear in a forest, and kill and devour him notwithstanding his superior size and strength. Many of them are slain in such encounters; and the bear will sometimes escape while the survivors are eating their dead comrades.

In America the prairie wolves always follow at a distance the large herds of bisons, and are ever ready to prey upon the wounded and the dead. But they are as cowardly as they are savage, and are afraid of any strange sight or sound. Taking advantage of their fear, the Indian, who has killed a bison which he must leave all night on the spot, ties a blown bladder to a stick which he thrusts into the ground close to the dead bison. The clattering of the bladder, as it is blown about by the wind, alarms the wolves, and though they will hover round the carcase all night, they dare not

come near it. When caught in a trap the wolf shows no sign of courage, but allows itself to be killed without resistance.

Wolves formerly abounded in Britain; but the people being encouraged to destroy them, and a price being placed upon their heads, they were all killed long ago; and for hundreds of years past there have been none seen at large in these islands.

The wolf may be tamed if taken young and treated kindly. A Norwegian gentleman reared two young wolves until they were full-grown. One of them, a female, became perfectly tame, and would come readily when called. She once escaped for three days, but came back at the sound of her master's voice, and fondled him as a pet dog would do.

THE GOLD RING.

SOME few years ago there lived in the parish of —— a deaf and dumb boy, who was taught his tasks by a kind friend. This kind lady could speak to him only by signs and pictures. She drew upon a paper a picture of a great crowd of people, old and young, standing near a wide, deep pit, out of which smoke and flames were issuing. She then drew the figure of One who came down from heaven; and this was to represent Jesus, the only begotten Son of God. She explained to the boy that when this person (Jesus) came, he asked God His Father not to throw the people into the pit, if he Himself agreed to be nailed to the cross for them; and how as soon as he bowed His head on the cross and died, the pit was shut up, and the people saved. The deaf and dumb boy wondered much: but he made signs

that the person who died on the cross was but One, and the crowd very many. How could God be content to take One for so many? The lady took off her gold ring and then put beside it a great heap of withered leaves of flowers, and asked the boy which was the best, the One Gold Ring, or the many, many, dry leaves? the boy clapped his hands with delight, and spelt the "One! one!" And then to show that he knew what this meant, and that Jesus was the One, who was worth all the rest, he ran and got his letters, and looking up, spelt the words, "Good, Good One!" He had learned that day, dear children, that Jesus alone had died to save all, and he stood wondering at His love. Little readers, remember God says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

H. PORTNALL.

"ALL THOSE!"

ONE afternoon a little boy shewed me the tickets he had received for early attendance at the Sunday-school, and good conduct therein. He took them first to one and then to another, and at intervals would say, (stretching himself to his full height) "All those!"

We are all fond of marks of favour, and like to take a measure of credit to ourselves. No wonder, then, that this little hero, looking upon the fruit of his obedience should rub his hands in high glee, and say, "All those!"

And how much better it is to get an early mark than to loiter in the streets or lanes, playing with naughty children, and thus wasting some of the

peaceful hours of the Sabbath. How much better to take your seats at the time of opening, than to come in when the teaching is half over, like a mouse stealing into a cupboard, or a prisoner coming up to be sentenced. Moreover, it is far more honourable to be attentive to your teachers than to be disobedient, close your book, talk one to another, pull wry faces, and refuse to learn your lessons. Not that I would charge you with these things, but should you be guilty, you will feel convinced of the evil of them. For as I once read :—

"If a person feel a person treading on his toes,
Need a person ask a person, how a person knows?"

If you are good children, and listen with pleasure to the lessons taught, just fancy the great joy of the teacher as he approaches you with a smile on his face, and says, "You have been a good boy" or a good girl, "and now I will give you 'all those!'"

After the service is concluded, you will run home with a light heart, and when you give your tickets to your mother who is ever planning your welfare, think of her joyful surprise as she receives them, "What! all those!"

And think what a great many friends you will have through this conduct of yours. They will love you because you love the Sunday-school. They will care for you because you are kind and attentive to your teacher. And always when the evening shades shall gather; when the day shall give place to twilight, and twilight give place to the curtain of darkness; when night shall peep in at the window; before retiring to rest you will be able to pray, God bless my friends, for Thou hast given me "all those!"

W. NORRIS.

THE GARDENER'S BOY.

All children love gardens, both because they produce fruits and flowers, and are so pleasant in themselves. Yes, a well-kept garden is a pleasant spot, where both old and young persons delight to wander about. But for gardens to be well-kept, and fruits and flowers cultivated, much labour and attention are needed; yet it is healthful and cheerful to work either in gardens or fields. Our first parents, the parents of the human family, lived and worked in a garden, which the Lord, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, planted. The account of this you will find in the second chapter of Genesis, verses 8, 9, 15, 16, 17. "And the Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the

Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." If you read more of this chapter you will learn that Eve was created to be the wife and help-meet of Adam; and in the following chapter you will read that the serpent, the old serpent, the devil, tempted our first parents in their fine garden, where the Lord had placed them to be happy; and they yielded to the temptation, believed a lie, ate of the forbidden fruit, and thus brought sin into the world and all our woe. But your teachers and parents will tell you more about the fall of man, your own sinful state, and how all persons, children, parents, and teachers, may be restored to the favour of God, and have all their sins forgiven through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; for "God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

And now about our gardener's boy: he chose to be such, in preference to being a farmer's boy, for he was fond of flowers and trees: and, as described in the following piece of poetry, he is telling a boy and girl about the matter, as represented in the cut at the head of this article, where you see a boy with a large paper kite, and his little sister with her hoop and ball.

"I know what I would like to be,
If I may choose a trade;
A gardener's boy;—to plant a tree,
To work with hoe and spade.

I care not much about the cows,
The horses or the sheep,
The flails, the harrows, or the ploughs;
I could not mow or reap.

But in the garden I could toil,
Water, and dig, and weed;
Scuffle, and hoe, and rake the soil;
And plant and sow the seed.

To trim the box, and weed the beds,
To clean and roll the walks;
Put by the tools in garden sheds,
Sweep up the leaves and stalks.

To keep my master's favourite flowers
Well watered every day,
Lest drooping for the want of showers,
They pine and fade away.

Oh, this would better be than play!
I should so happy be:
No tulip would be half so gay:
This is the work for me.

And when at eve my work is done,
How nice to walk or read;
To think of Him who taught the sun
His glorious daily course to run,
Ripening each fruit and seed."

W. B. LEIGHTON.

WILLIAM FISHER.

WILLIAM FISHER was the son of Charles and Mary Fisher, of Maulden, in Bedford circuit. He was born on the 8th of April, in the year 1860, and died on the 26th of February, 1865, aged four years ten months and two weeks. The complaint which

caused his death was diphtheria, and his illness lasted but fifteen days. During his affliction he was very happy, his conversation being more like that of an up-grown person than of a child of his tender years. His pious mother, who had diligently trained him up in the fear of the Lord, could not be with her beloved child in his illness, on account of a very severe affliction which had befallen herself. William was therefore placed under the care of his grandmother. He loved to talk about Jesus and heaven, and to hear the praises of the Saviour sung. A short time before he died he heard heavenly music, and some of his friends were privileged to hear the same. This lamb of the Redeemer's fold could not bear worldly conversation, but he delighted to hear of Jesus, and often, when speaking of the Saviour, he would say, "My gentle Jesus."

But before he was afflicted he was a very thoughtful child, and very often talked with his mother about heavenly things.

Once he said to his mother, "Mother, we shall not want caps and bonnets in heaven, shall we?" At another time, his mother, seeing him in a thoughtful mood, said to him, "My child, what are you thinking about?" and he replied, "I am thinking how I can live without sin." Truly, out of his mouth the Lord had ordained strength, or perfected praise, and now he beholds, without doubt, the face of our Father which is in heaven. He is gone to the rest which remaineth to the people of God; to the world where sin can never come;—

"Where music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair;
O so bright, O so bright!"

He was a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school at Maulden, and his death was improved on the 16th of July, the day of the school anniversary.

May his parents, teachers and school-mates, meet little William in heaven. Amen.

J. LANGHAM.

"YON BRIGHT WORLD."

MY LITTLE READER,—Is it not a beautiful thought that heaven is a world of brightness and glory, and that it is near at hand to those who love the Saviour?

Many years since I heard this hymn first sung. It was by one who loved little children, and had some of his own. Pretty and simple is the melody, and sweet and truthful are the words. They speak so sweetly of the heaven of joy and love, and tell us of crowns of glory in "yon bright world." O the glory that is to be revealed when we shall see our Saviour as he is, and where God our Father reigns for evermore.

Let me tell you of one who hoped to sing in sweeter strains in "yon bright world," and has passed away to the sun-bright clime.

Charles Edwards, was a Sunday-school teacher, and died in 1853.

During his last illness, he was rejoicing in the prospect of heaven, saying, "Glory, Hallelujah, God is good, all merciful, all mercy—

'Tis mercy all, immense and free
For, O my God, it found out me.'"

After pausing for breath he began the well known lines,

"Sinners, will you go with me?
Sinners, will you go with me?
Sinners, will you go with me?
To yon bright world?
Glory, hallelujah! Glory, hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord!"

He told his parents not to trouble, he was going to Jesus, quoting

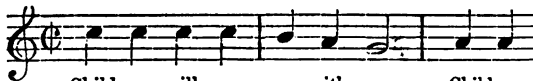
"Then when ye hear my heart-strings break
How sweet my minutes roll,
A mortal paleness in my cheek
And glory in my soul."

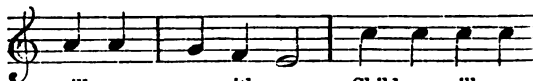
Shortly after he was heard to whisper, "He is my Lord and Saviour. There's his chariot, there's his chariot," lifting up his hands. His last words were, "Glory be to God, Praise the Lord."

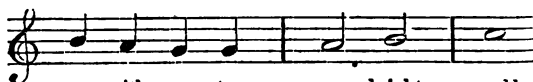
UNCLE WILLIAM.

Children, will you go with us,
TO YON BRIGHT WORLD?
Glory, hallelujah, praise him, hallelujah,
In yon bright world.
Yes! we'll go along with you,
To yon bright world. Glory, &c.
WE SHALL SEE OUR SAVIOUR THERE,
In yon bright world. Glory, &c.
Crowns of glory we shall wear,
In yon bright world. Glory, &c.
God our Father ever reigns,
In yon bright world. Glory, &c.
We shall sing in sweeter strains,
In yon bright world. Glory, &c.

YON BRIGHT WORLD.







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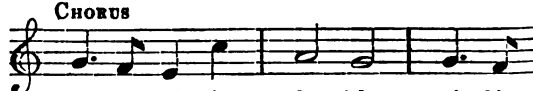
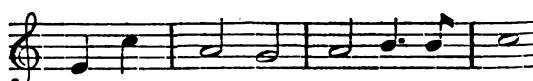




THE LEOPARD.

THE LEOPARD.

(*With Engraving.*)

THE leopard is much smaller than the tiger; his fur is of a golden tawny colour, studded with spots of shining black, which are disposed in rosettes; he is found throughout Africa, and in the southern parts of Asia. Though naturally fierce and possessed of great strength, he will not willingly attack a man; but when wounded he is little less to be dreaded than a tiger. Mr. Cumming gives an account of one that sprang upon a hunter who had fired at it, and wounded him terribly. In providing for his wants the leopard is noted for his cunning and caution quite as much as for his boldness. He steals into the farm-yards at night to plunder the hen-roosts, and has been known to carry off a lamb almost in presence of the shepherd.

The native Africans lay traps for the leopard, and bait them with the poultry of which he is so fond. The trap is not unlike a huge mousetrap; and it is said to be much easier to get a leopard into a trap than out of it. This they do by opening a small door contrived for the purpose in the roof, and letting down slip-nooses to entangle his legs; when this is done they drag him out, throw another noose round his neck, place a muzzle on his mouth, and lead him off to captivity.

The leopard is easily tamed; some have even been domesticated and suffered to run about the house. The well-known leopard, Sai, presented to Mr. Bowdich by the king of Ashantee, used to play with the children and allow them to pull him about by the tail. Sai was brought to England,

and died in Exeter Change. In confinement the leopard appears quite happy and sportive: there are several in the Zoological Gardens, London, where they may be seen playing with one another in the most frolicsome manner, and delighting the spectators by their graceful movements.

THE INFANT'S PRAYER. (In words of one syllable.)

O Lord, to thee I bend my knee,
And lift my heart and voice to thee;
  Hear what a child can say;
For though thou art the Lord Most High,
Thy word has said that thou art nigh,
  When those who fear thee pray.

I come to thee, for thou art love;
It is in thee I live and move;
  And all I have is thine;
It is thy love and care that sends
My health and strength, my food and friends,
  If I may call them mine.

I ought to seek thee day by day,
I ought to praise, I ought to pray,
  I ought to read thy word:
I ought to pray—I wish I could;
I ought to praise, but when I would,
  I do not—help me, Lord!

I prize the grace which sent thy Son,
To die for crimes that I have done;
  On him my faith would look:
Grant, for his sake, the strength I need;
My sins of thought, and word, and deed,
  O, blot them from thy book!

While here on earth I wait thy will,
Oh, guard and guide, and bless me still,
  And save me when I die:
Then, when my days on earth are past,
My soul shall dwell with thee at last,
  To praise thee in the sky.

Sent by E. E. Neal.

ON THE FINDING OF MOSES.—Exod. ii.

How sad the times in which Moses was born! Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, alarmed at the rapid increase of Israel, had commanded every male child of the Hebrews to be thrown into the river. A hard-hearted murderer, he ordered innocent babes to be destroyed wholesale! What a time of distress to parents! What grief would seize many a mother's heart when her new-born babe was torn from her bosom to be thrown into the Nile, and devoured perhaps by crocodiles. Thank God that we were born in happier times! How thankful we should be for a mild government, and for civil and

religious liberty! The birth of Moses was a period of great calamity to the oppressed Hebrews. They were not merely slaves, but were required to drown their own male offspring. But the tender and bleeding heart of Jochebed, the mother of Moses, could not endure the thought of his being thrown into the river. Despite of the king's command, and trusting in the kind providence of God, she contrived to conceal him for three months. But what months of suspense were these! Never could she take her beautiful babe to inhale the fresh air of heaven; no sweet lullaby durst she sing to hush him to repose. Secret as stolen goods she had to keep the son of her womb. Only faith in God, and his almighty grace, could have sustained and preserved her: and, at length, she found it was unsafe to retain her lovely child any longer. But she contrived a scheme to preserve him alive: "She took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink." Miriam, the sister of Moses, was sent to watch, and Jochebed returned to her dwelling to pour out, no doubt, her full heart in prayer to Him who could interpose in her behalf, and preserve her offspring from destruction. The prayer of Jochebed was heard; her faith in God was honoured with divine approval: Pharaoh's daughter was led to the river's side at the proper point of time, and the weeping babe moved her compassion, and secured her protection. Miriam, carefully observing what was passing, and prudently restraining her emotions, at once offered to find a nurse from among the Hebrew

women. Her offer was accepted. With a glad heart and with cheerful steps she hastened to her mother. Jochebed repaired to the spot, received in charge from the royal princess the son of her prayers and solicitude, and returned home to rejoice in her felicity, and to glorify God for his mercy. What a day was that for the parents of Moses! And what a day for Egypt, for the oppressed Israelites, and for successive generations of mankind! The infant Moses became the deliverer of his brethren, the scourge of Egypt, and the illustrious prophet, who so strikingly typified the Lord Jesus Christ. J. P.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

My Little Reader,—A pretty Welsh song was fixed to this music, at a time when those who could write good music cared little for the children; but since then the tune "Poor Mary Ann," has been sung to better words, "O how He loves!"

The present is a beautiful refrain for you,—

"Jesus little children blesses."

And little children may come to Jesus by his own invitation.

There are some little children who love Jesus, and know that Jesus loves them; do you? In our Sabbath-schools there are those who love Jesus, and they often sing like a little scholar whom I knew, only six years old.

Mary Fuller was lying ill, and asked her mother to pray with her. Her mother knelt by her bed, and while praying to God to bless her little child,

the little girl sprang up in the bed and began to sing,—

"I love Jesus! he's my Saviour;
Jesus smiles and loves me too."

So the dear child sang, but soon her song was ended, and she now lies in the cold grave.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

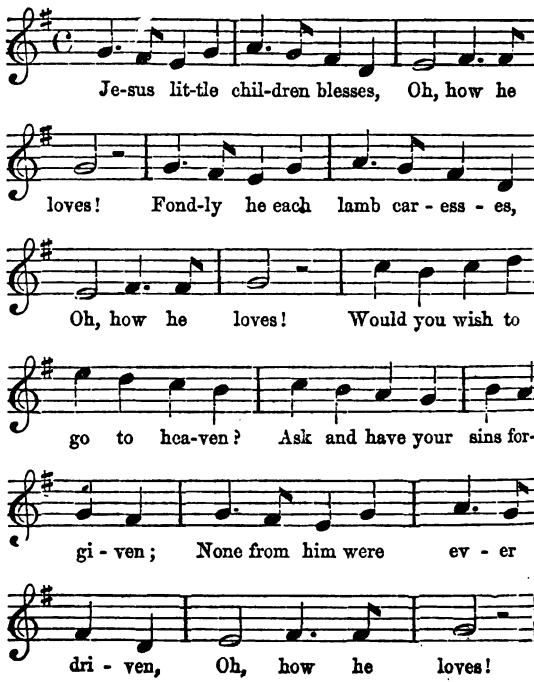
1 HE is kind above all others,
O, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O, how he loves;
Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,
One day kind, the next day leave thee,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee,
O how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him,
O, how he loves!
Give thyself entirely to him,
O, how he loves;
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief or trials seize thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O, how he loves!

3 He's thy friend; he died to save thee,
O, how he loves!
All through life he will not leave thee,
O, how he loves;
Think no more of friendships hollow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O, how he loves;
Every blessing he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves!

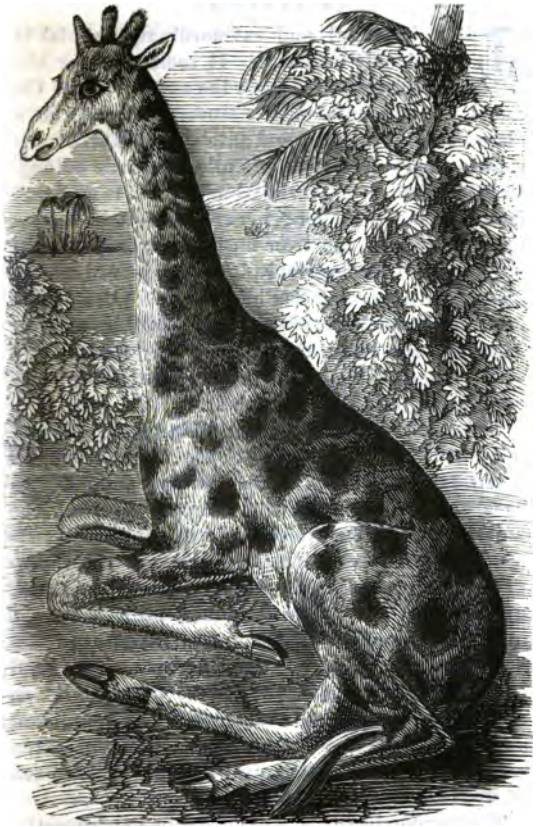
LOVE OF JESUS.



THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

1866.



THE GIRAFFE.

THE GIRAFFE.

(With Engraving.)

THIS beautiful and extraordinary animal is found only in Africa. It seems to bear the characteristics of both the antelope and the camel. In the opinion of naturalists it occupies a place between the deer and antelope. At all events it forms a group to which no other animals belong. In height, the giraffe varies from thirteen to eighteen feet. Its beautiful long neck enables it to browse on the leaves of the trees on which it feeds. It is very dainty in eating, and plucks the leaves one by one with its long and flexible tongue. On its head it has two remarkable projections, resembling horns. They are not horns though, but only thickenings of the bone of the skull, covered with skin, and each having a tuft of black hair.

The fore-legs appear longer than the hind ones, but this is not really the case; the shoulder blades being extremely long, cause this appearance. Its eyes are very large and prominent, so that the animal can see on every side without turning its head. Just over and between the eyes is a protuberance resembling the enlargements of the skull, called horns. It would seem these projections are more for ornament than for use; as it does not attack an opponent with them, but it uses its hind legs for this purpose, like the horse. It can kick so quickly that you can scarcely see its legs in motion, and it can strike so fiercely that a lion will often get out of its way. It is said to have kept a pack of dogs at bay by kicking.

The giraffe has much difficulty in reaching the

ground with its mouth, and only when tempted by a lump of sugar, or something else which it likes, will it try to do so. It then stretches its fore-legs apart and manages to accomplish its object. This animal has a magnificent appearance where it can be seen in groups. It sometimes may be seen in Africa in companies of from twelve to sixteen,—or even thirty or forty now and then have been found together. About sixteen, however, is the usual company. In countries where man is not an inhabitant, the giraffe is sometimes found in great numbers: not indeed very great numbers together, but very many of them distributed through the land. This is specially the case in South Africa. An old male, or king, is generally found at the head of a group, towering above all the rest, and of a deep dark chestnut colour. The females are of lower stature than the males, but they average sixteen or seventeen feet in height. The giraffe is considered one of the handsomest animals in existence, and when seen among the parasol-topped acacias of its native plains, it has a most picturesque appearance. The movements of the giraffe are peculiar—the limbs of each side appearing to act together. It is very swift and can outrun a horse, especially among broken rocky ground: for it leaps like a frog over any obstacle. There are some fine specimens of the animal in the Zoological Gardens, London. When our young friends visit London they should see these gardens, for useful as well as interesting knowledge is to be acquired there. They will find the giraffe very neighbourly if they will give it something. Is not this a human trait? EDITOR.

TELL THE TRUTH.

I ONCE lived in a country village with my aunt, who has since joined my dear mother, who was taken to heaven when I was a babe. This aunt loved me very much; but it often sheds a gloom over my thoughts as I think how I troubled her kind heart, and how very naughty I was.

It was on a bright and sunny morning that I started to school, about two miles distant. My aunt gave me a letter to take to the post-office, a few doors from the school house, and also a penny to buy a stamp to put on it. I put the penny in my pocket, and the letter I thrust into my cap, and thus I started. As I walked along with a companion a beautiful butterfly flew across the path, and joyfully flitted along the side of the hedge. As soon as I saw it I took off my cap, and, all intent on the chase, I saw not the letter drop, and in a moment afterward the light summer breeze carried it along the road, and I lost it.

The loss I found out not very long after; but what was I to do? Sad to tell, Satan whom the Bible says is the "father of lies," and my own evil heart, tempted me, and I was led into sin. I thought I would deceive my aunt, and make her believe I had posted the letter; and the penny I spent before I went to school. I am sorry to tell you about my wicked conduct; but I do so that you may avoid the wrong path into which I entered.

The letter, however, was picked up by a person who lived at a lodge gate; and as she knew who wrote it she gave it to me on my return in the

evening, to take back with me. O! well would it have been if, even then, I had stopped and taken the letter home, confessing all; but this, alas! I did not do—forgetting that

He that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it makes it two.

I hid the letter, thinking that then my aunt would know nothing about it. I did not know the text, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Before I had reached home my companion had been there and told all to my aunt. When I arrived she asked if I had posted the letter, and I answered, "Yes!" Then that dear face, so loving, cheerful, and happy, was overcast with deep sorrow. I cannot quite remember what she said; but I have not forgotten her grief and tears—tears of sorrow for my sin. She then punished me and prayed with me.

Since that day I have found out—and I hope never to forget it—what to do when I am tempted to do wrong. It is this, that as soon as wicked thoughts come into my heart at once "to resist the devil," and pray for help.

"I'M ON MY WAY TO GLORY!"

SIMPLE words! yet how many sweet thoughts they bring me of some I have loved on earth, who dwell with Christ in glory now.

"I'm on my way to glory!"

so sung the children of one of our Sabbath-schools at the close of lessons one bright Sunday afternoon. The Holy Spirit, which our Father in heaven has promised to all who ask, was felt to be present,

though unseen; and earnest prayer was offered by many of the teachers that all the dear children given to their care might choose the better part and be numbered with the lambs of Jesu's fold.

If you, dear young reader, had been at our school that afternoon, you would, I think, have noticed little Ellen Wray, a thoughtful, gentle child, of about nine years old. We will visit her home two years later. Pale and thin, yet beautiful with the light of joy and peace, was the face of the dying child. Ellen had given her young heart to Jesus, and He was very gently taking her away from the evil to come, from the friends who loved her here, to his own bright palace in the skies.

Ellen has sunk for a few moments into a calm slumber; she wakes; what are the words the loving friends around her bed bend nearer to listen to? "Good bye, I'm going to Jesus, sing, I want to sing,

"I am on my way to glory, glory, glory!"

Before the watchers in Ellen's room had time to take up the song, Ellen's happy spirit had gone to dwell with that Saviour whom having not seen she loved.

Dear young friends, do you love Jesus? are you on your way to glory? Jesus loves you; will you be his? Do not grieve his Holy Spirit.

LOTTIE WILSON.

THE LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

WE once knew a little motherless child just five years old. One day his papa and sister had gone out and left him with a new Irish servant. When

his bed time drew on, he called the girl upstairs, saying, "Come, Rhoda, it is time to go to bed; but we have had no family prayer. You are the oldest; I cannot go to bed before we have had prayer, so you must please pray."

"I pray!" said the girl, "I cannot pray."

"Oh, but you must, because you are the oldest."

On her again refusing, "Then," he said, "kneel down, and I will try."

They knelt, and he prayed in the following words:—

"Lord, we thank Thee for all the good things Thou hast given us this day, and I beg Thee to bring home my father and sister safe;" then he stopped. "There," after a pause he said, "I have done my best, and we must say the rest to God, when we get to bed; I shall." *Sent by* T. C. H.

MATTHEW XIX. 14.

Jesus Christ loved little children,
  When He was on earth below,
Still He looks upon and loves them,
  Though He is in heaven now.

When they yield to angry passions,
  Then they grieve this heavenly Friend,
Yet He pities and He helps them,
  When they try their ways to mend.

If I seek Him He will bless me
  With his love from day to day,
Make the hardest duty pleasant
  As I walk his heavenly way.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

FROM its vast dimensions, great height, and commanding position, on an eminence north of the Thames, St. Paul's Cathedral may be regarded as the most conspicuous edifice in the metropolis, while its architectural merits render it one of the most magnificent. The ancient Gothic cathedral, which originally stood in majestic pomp on the same spot, was destroyed in the great fire of London, A.D. 1666; and the erection of the present building was intrusted to Sir Christopher Wren, under whose direction the first stone was laid, in 1675.

The highest or last stone on the top of the lantern

was laid by Mr. Christopher Wren, the son of the great architect, in the year 1710; and thus was this noble fabric, lofty enough to be discerned at sea eastward, and at Windsor to the west, begun and completed in the space of thirty-five years, by one architect, the great Sir Christopher Wren; one principal mason, Mr. Strong; and under one bishop of London, Dr. Henry Compton; whereas St. Peter's at Rome, the only structure that can come into competition with it, continued one hundred and fifty-five years in building, under twelve successive architects, including Bramante, Raphael, and Michel Angelo, assisted by the policy and interests of the Roman see.

The principal entrance, or front, which looks westward, is adorned with a rich and beautiful portico, consisting of twelve lofty Corinthian pillars below, and above are eight composite ones, ranged in pairs, supporting a triangular pediment, the entablature of which, sculptured by Bird, in low relief, represents the conversion of St. Paul. On the apex of the pediment is a colossal figure of St. Paul, with one of equal size at each end, representing St. Peter and St. James; and along the summit of the front are similar statues of the four evangelists. The angles are surmounted by bell towers, of a chaste and uniform character. The marble statue in front of the portico, and facing Ludgate-street, represents Queen Anne in her robes of state, holding in her hands the emblems of royalty.

There are two other entrances to the body of the church, facing north and south, at each end of the

principal transept. They correspond in their architecture, which consists of a semicircular portico, of the Corinthian order, surrounded by statues of the apostles. The tympanum of the north entrance exhibits the royal arms and regalia, supported by angels; and that of the south entrance, a phœnix rising from the flames, the work of Gabriel Cibber, in allusion to the reconstruction of the cathedral after the conflagration.

	Feet.
The dimensions of St. Paul's from east to west, within the walls are	510
From north to south, within the doors of the porticos	282
Its height within, from the centre of the floor to cross is	340
Ditto, from the vaults below	484
The circumference of the dome within is	300
The diameter of the ball	6
From the ball to the top of the cross is	30
The breadth of the west entrance	100
The diameter of the columns of the porticos	4
The height to the top of the west pediment under the figure of St. Paul	120
The height of the towers of the west front	287
The circumference of the clock-dial	57
The length of the minute-hand	8
The length of the hour figures	2ft. 2½in.

J. P.

MARY'S PRAYER.

MARY's mother had occasion to tell her of her faults. Mary was angry; and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless father and

mother, as she was wont to do, she only said, "God bless father."

Her mother took no notice, and Mary went to bed without her good-night's kiss. By-and-by she was heard to say, "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Do you think you shall?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do many mothers die and leave their children?"

"A great many."

"Mamma," said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer;" and, clasping her little hands she cried, "God bless father, and my *dear*, *kind* mother."

That's the way, children. If you knew your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But do you not know that, be they long or short lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read, "Honour thy father and thy mother"?

Remember that every wrong committed against a loving parent will, when they shall have passed from earth, bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.—*Child's Companion.*

TWO EARS, TWO EYES, TWO HANDS.

YOUNG friend, you have two ears, and only one mouth. Learn from this to listen much, and to speak little.

You have two eyes and only one mouth. Learn to observe more than you talk.

You have two hands to work with, and only one mouth to eat. Learn to work more than you eat.

Think much, and use hands, ears, and eyes;
But little speak, if you be wise.

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

January, the first month of the year,
Is oft its coldest, bleak and drear,
With cutting frost, and drifting snow,
And bitter winds that fiercely blow.

In *February*, too, the days are still
All short and cheerless, dark and chill;
While downward pours the useful rain,
To soak the earth, and swell the grain.

And *March*, the third month, too, is cold;
But little lambs are in the fold,
And there are signs of bright days nigh,
Though still the winds are rough and high.

In showery *April*, spring at last
Conquers stern winter's icy blast;
And, ere its close, sweet buds are seen,
And trees are clad in tender green.

In *May* the days grow light and long,
The birds pour forth a joyous song,
While spreading leaf and opening flower
Make nature lovelier every hour.

In pleasant, flowery, leafy *June*,
The sun is very warm at noon;
All earth looks bright in green array,
And sweetly smells the new-mown hay.

July comes in with fervent heat,
That ripens precious stores of wheat,

And many a luscious tempting fruit,
And many a wholesome useful root.
The *August* sun its beams will shed
Upon the toiling reaper's head;
The harvest gathered, let us raise
To God a hymn of thankful praise.
September comes with cooler breeze,
The leaves change colour on the trees,
While brightly, gaily, bloom together,
Sweet-scented gorse and purple heather.
October comes! 'tis Autumn now,
And dead leaves fall from every bough;
The flowers are fading one by one,
And earlier sinks the evening sun.
All cheerless are *November* skies,
Thick from the earth damp vapours rise,
The leafless trees look gaunt and bare,
While raw and chilly is the air.
And now eleven months are past,
December comes—the twelfth and last;
When, for the meanly fed and clad,
The wintry cold is very sad.
This month we celebrate the birth
Of Christ, in low estate on earth.
By their warm fires, with those most dear,
The rich enjoy their Christmas cheer,
And, if their hearts are good and kind,
They help the poor Christ left behind.

ARTHUR CAMPBELL; OR, DENY YOURSELF.

"ARTHUR," said Mrs. Campbell one Saturday afternoon, to her son, a boy of nine years old; "can

you deny yourself a gratification in order to give another pleasure?"

"I don't know mother, but at all events I can try. What is it you mean?" said Arthur, who was buttoning his boots.

"Why, you know little Susan Grey wishes to go to Sunday school, Arthur, and you also know she cannot go in her old clothes, and that I am making her a frock, and tippet, and bonnet, in order that she may go. I shall have to work till late this evening to get them done, and your father has just sent in a long account to cast up before tea, which would take me at least an hour. What is to be done, Arthur? Is Susan to go without her clothes for another week?"

Arthur hesitated a moment, then ran up stairs to his own bedroom, and burst into tears. "What should he do? he only came home from school on Saturdays, and went back Mondays; if he gave up flying his kite this afternoon, he would have to wait a whole week before he would be able to fly it; it was a new one too, and such a beautiful breezy day for it, and so many of his schoolfellows were going on the downs with their kites, and he wanted to show them his; and yet poor little Susan would be so disappointed, and she had looked forward to going to the school to-morrow." And this last thought quite decided him. He put away his kite, and returning to his mother, he told her that "rather than little Susan should be disappointed, he would stay at home and attend to the accounts." He felt he had done right when he met his mother's approving smile.

Next day at church, Arthur looked towards the Sunday school children, and there, in the second row, sat little Susan in her new clothes, looking as pleased and happy as could be. The sight quite rewarded him, and the knowledge too that he had done a kind action.

He thought he never spent such a happy day before, and when he was just going to sleep at night, his dear mother came and told him how pleased she was with his conduct, and added, "I am sure, my dear Arthur, you were rewarded to-day, when you saw little Susan among the school-children."

"Oh yes, dear mother, that I was, fully."

"Kind actions bring their own rewards, my dear boy, and may you go on as you have begun, and always be willing in future to deny yourself."

F. E. N.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

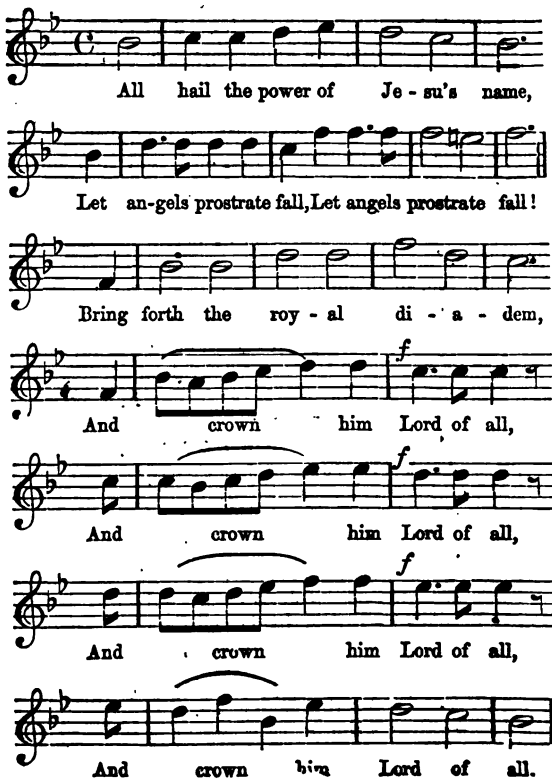
All hail the power of Jesu's name,
  Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
  Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
  Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
  The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

CORONATION.


All hail the power of Je - su's name,
Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all.

CHRIST WITH THE DOCTORS IN JERUSALEM.

CHRIST WITH THE DOCTORS IN THE TEMPLE.—LUKE ii. 46—51.

(*With Engraving.*)

CONNECTED with the Temple at Jerusalem were several courts, in which business of different kinds was transacted. To one of them, called "The Great Synagogue," several celebrated doctors were attached. In these assemblies of doctors, of learned scribes and rabbins, it was customary to ask questions concerning the law. These courts were also open, and those who questioned, and those who answered, did so before the public.

Our Lord, although only twelve years old, already intent upon his Divine mission, heard some of these debates, and, in turn proposed questions himself, and gave answers to questions put to Him; and such was his knowledge of the law, and the wisdom he displayed, "that all that heard Him were astonished at his understanding and answers." Even the doctors appear to have greatly admired and honoured Him, for He was allowed to *sit in the midst of them*, and not *opposite* to them, as did the disciples of these learned men. This distinction put upon Him seems to have amazed Joseph and Mary. His mother however gently reproved Him for tarrying behind them, saying, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing:" to which He replied, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" intimating to them that the great purpose of his life was to spread religious knowledge, and to promote the

spiritual and eternal well-being of men. Happy had it been for the celebrated doctors then present, if they had diligently improved the light He shed upon the Scriptures, and in due time acknowledged Him as the true Messiah. Happy, too, will it be for us, if we follow the teachings of the Lord Jesus as faithful disciples, and trust in his merits for acceptance with God.

From the wisdom and conduct of the Lord Jesus on this occasion, young people may also learn that they should acquire and spread religious knowledge as far as they have means and opportunities, and pay respectful attention and obedience to their parents. Jesus, though so famed for his wisdom, went down with his parents to Nazareth, and was "subject unto them," regarding them with becoming reverence, and probably working at the trade of Joseph, towards the maintenance of the family. Young disciples should herein follow the example of their Divine Master. J. P.

A TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

My Young Friends,—How common it is for children to look far on into the future, and fancy themselves to be men and women, living in some fine house and driving in some splendid carriage; yet we are very often reminded that death not only cuts down the man and woman of grey hairs, and the individual of middle age, but even blights the blushing beauty of the child, and removes him from the fond caresses and loving associations of home, to dwell in eternity.

Such a scene as this has just been witnessed, in the case of an engaging little boy named Basil Humphries, who lived at Twerton, near Bath, and was scarcely three years of age when he died. Having a good father and mother, he lived amidst sweet and happy influences, and took especial delight in lisping praises to God, and attending the means of grace, including the early prayer meeting on Sabbath mornings. His little mind often contemplated heaven, and he would ask his parents questions relating to this happy place and its inhabitants. He wondered what dress he should wear there, and whether he should see his little sister in heaven. He seemed to be sure of going to heaven when he died, for he had been taught of Jesus, who is the way, the truth, and the life; and would sometimes sing,—

"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

He suffered much during his sickness, but being released from his pain by death, he now stands in the presence of his Saviour, singing more sweetly than he did on earth. His parents fondly hoped to see him grow up to be a good and useful man, but their hopes are cut off; yet they rejoice, because their child is with Jesus, which is far better than being in this world.

You may not reach manhood, though you are healthy and strong, but you may love Jesus, if you will, and when you die you will then go to where Jesus is. I hope you each pray for a clean heart and a right spirit, which we must have before we can enter heaven. May we all meet little Basil there.

J. HARDING.

A HEROINE.

I THINK all boys and girls have some sort of notior about "heroes" and "heroines." You would tell me directly about Robinson Crusoe, who went through so many dangers; and Alexander the Great, who conquered the world; and Buonaparte, who gained such great victories.

But there is something else besides going through many dangers, and being very brave, that goes to make a real hero. A real hero is one who is ready to brave dangers, even to risk his life, not that he may get something for himself, not that he may become famous, and be talked about, but that he may save and help those who are in difficulty and danger. Such a "heroine" was Grace Darling. When I have told you the story of her life, you will see whether she was not worthy of being so called.

Grace's father was a respectable man, in humble life, who kept a lighthouse on a small island off the coast of Northumberland. It was a wild place, where the waves dashed and tumbled over the sharp rocks, and no sound was heard but the roaring of the sea. The children there needed no "lullaby" but those dashing waves. Mr. Darling's work was to keep the light burning night after night, to warn and guide the vessels that came near that dangerous coast. What a lonely life it must have been! There they were, week after week, shut up in the lighthouse, with no one to speak to, except their own family. No walks for the children, no school-

fellows or neighbours to chat with, no green trees to look at, or passers-by in busy streets,—nothing but the restless sea; nothing to hear above its ceaseless murmur but the sea-gull's scream.

Yet, I believe they led a very happy life. Mr. Darling was a sensible man; and in the long hours he had to spare he taught his children many useful things. Instead of the land-sports that others have, they learned to row and manage boats, and, perhaps, to fish. Sometimes they had the pleasure of a visit to the mainland. Such was Grace Darling's childhood; and she grew up to be a modest, industrious, and thoughtful young woman.

When she was about twenty-one years old, she was living alone with her father and mother at the lighthouse. One morning, after a stormy night, they looked out as usual over the sea; and, as the mist cleared away, they saw, to their great horror, something like a vessel, stuck fast on a dangerous rock about a mile from them. Now they well knew every jutting rock on those dangerous islands, and they knew that it was certain destruction for a ship to be dashed against them, and they were not surprised when they found that this was only part of a ship, and that it must have parted in two as soon as it struck. Where was the other part? There was no time to think. On that broken wreck were living men; men who would drown before their eyes, if they could not help them. But what could they do? There was the boat, but for one man to row it, in that boiling sea, was a thing impossible, and Mr. Darling feared to attempt it. But Grace

said she would go; she would hear no denial,—the poor creatures *must* be saved.

So they launched the boat. The brave girl and her father took each an oar, and they rowed towards the wreck. All alone, on the shore of the little island, stood the mother, watching her husband and daughter venture forth, perhaps never to return. Think what she must have felt, as every moment the huge, roaring waves hid them from her sight, and they got nearer and nearer to the dreadful rocks, which, if not carefully guarded against, would shiver their boat to pieces! They reached the wreck at last, for God protected them; and they rescued the poor creatures who were clinging to the broken masts, and brought them all safely to the lighthouse. Nine human beings were thus snatched from death by the courage and strength of a young girl, who risked her own life to save them.

This noble conduct of hers was soon known far and wide, and numbers of people came to visit Grace Darling in her rocky home. But praise did not make her vain. She had done what she did simply because she felt it her duty to do it, and she saw nothing remarkable in her own conduct. A large sum of money was subscribed as a token of respect for her noble deed; but she made no difference in her way of life, and continued with her father and mother, as their comfort and helper, as long as she lived. She died very young; and the name of this brave-hearted girl will long be remembered as that of one of the world's Heroines.

VIOLET *in Early Days.*

WHAT I SAW; OR, LITTLE LEE'S SIN.

At the corner of one of the principal streets in our village is a large shop, where groceries, fresh fruits, and many other things are sold. One fine day in September, as I was approaching this shop, I saw large baskets of fruit exposed for sale. There were peaches, pears, plums, and long rows of melons—and just outside of the door was placed a basket of large unripe pears, which looked very green and hard.

As I drew near the shop I saw two little boys

loitering about the door, who entered the shop just before I did. As they were going in, I saw one little fellow take a pear from the basket, and put it into his pocket. He pressed quite closely to the post of the door as he did this, and the pear was so large that he had some difficulty to conceal it.

Poor boy! he had committed a theft! Perhaps it was the first act of the kind of which he had ever been guilty. He did not know that I saw him; and his only fear was that the shopman would see him. He did not think or care that God saw him; and what is more dreadful, he was not afraid, lest He should call him to account, and punish him for breaking his command, "Thou shalt not steal."

Poor boy! thought I, how little he considers the consequences that may result from this one act of sin! The next temptation will be yielded to more readily than was this one. It may end in disgrace in this life, and prove the ruin of his soul.

I resolved that I would speak to him privately before he left the shop, and prevail upon him to restore what he had so wickedly taken; and placed myself between him and the door. For a short time he walked about the shop in a careless manner; but presently I heard his companion say, "Come, Lee," and away they ran out of another door which I had not observed, for, as I said, the shop was at the corner of a street.

"There, he has gone," thought I. "Perhaps I shall never see him again, and I have lost the opportunity of doing him good. The success of this act may encourage him to commit another, and

another, and he may end his days in a prison, or on the gallows."

O how I regretted that I had not spoken to him while he lingered near me. My reason for not doing so, was an unwillingness to expose him to the shopman; but I felt oppressed with a sense of neglected duty, and the passage came forcibly to my mind, "As thy servant was busy here and there, *he was gone;*" and I felt that I had incurred a responsibility of which I could not rid myself.

Poor little Lee, he was a stranger to me, and yet there seemed a kind of link between us. It appeared as if Providence had made me my *little brother's keeper;* but I proved faithless to my trust. So far as I am guilty in this thing, may God forgive me, and visit not upon little Lee the consequence of my neglect of duty.

I thought much of little Lee that day, and at night I wondered if he did not go to bed with a heavy heart.

Perhaps some reader will say, "It was *only a pear;* it was a very small crime—a very small loss to the shopman." To such I reply, Read the third chapter of Genesis, and tell me if the sin that brought death into the world, is not there represented as much the same as the sin of little Lee. Our first parents had the command, "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat;" and they disobeyed, and oh, the immense results of that *one sin!* God displeased—the world undone—the death of the Lord Jesus Christ made necessary—and vast numbers of immortal souls for ever lost!

Little Lee knew the command, "Thou shalt not steal." He knew he was doing wrong; else, why did he put forth his hand so secretly to take the fruit, and why so hastily conceal it? An infant would have taken it openly, not knowing it was wrong; but little Lee understood what the law required. Here is a point which I wish children to consider. When you are old enough to understand what God requires of you; when you can distinguish between good and evil, between right and wrong, then you are accountable to God for the acts you commit. *Remember this.*

If little Lee knew and understood the command, "Thou shalt not steal," when he took the fruit—if this act of sin had been the only act ever committed in this world, this one act could be pardoned only through the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. The atonement would have been as necessary for his pardon and salvation, as it is for the pardon and salvation of the whole race of man, from Adam to the last sinner that shall sin. *Think of this, little children.* Every time you disobey your parents; every time you indulge a bad passion; every time you cherish envy; every time you tell a lie; every time you are guilty of coveting, each one of these, and of all other sins, makes it necessary that you should depend on the atonement of Christ for salvation.

O, dear children, be thankful, that in the provisions of Divine mercy you were included; and that there might be no doubt or mistake that Christ's invitation to the whole world to come to

Him to be saved, extended to you, He gave the special direction, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Let every little child that feels itself a sinner, and in need of that salvation which Jesus Christ died to procure, go *with confidence* to the Saviour, and ask the forgiveness He has promised, and it shall be received.

JACK FROST.

A MISCHIEVOUS but merry wight
Came from the north one winter night,
And pranks perform'd so very queer,
You'll scarce believe them when you hear.

As o'er the fields he deftly sped,
The grass grew crisp beneath his tread;
The dewdrops, as they met his eye,
Shrunk into globules white and dry;
And to the air, where'er he went,
His breath a piercing keenness lent.

A waterfall stood in his way,
Busy with noise, and bright with spray;
"Ho! brawler," said he, "is it right
To work and roar at dead of night?
You must no longer clamour so
When all besides a-slumbering go."
He said, and the obedient linn *
Stood still, and hush'd its clamorous din;
And what was water, in a trice,
Stiffen'd into a sheet of ice.

A dairy-farm he reach'd; and strange
It was to mark the instant change:

* A waterfall.

The milk, the butter, and the cream,
Grew solid like the frozen stream;
And from the milkmaid's cheek the rose
Fled with its blushes to her nose.

Next to the town he took his way,
Which sleeping in the moonlight lay;
And though he came and went unseen,
His feats soon told where he had been.
The watchmen, lounging on their beat,
Took to "quick march," to give them heat;
The streets, begrimed with mud before,
Grew hard and sheen as marble floor;
No pump, or water-pipe, or well,
But felt the mast'ry of his spell:
The very houses he swept through—
The roofs he powdered with hoar-dew,
And every window pictured o'er
With forestry grotesque and hoar.
"Ho! ho!" he said, "I'll let them see
None of them all can paint like me."

At last he sought, presumptuous elf!
To vent his mischief on myself;
So, feeling certain of his game,
Into my quiet room he came.
But, let me tell you, Jacky Frost
Reckon'd for once without his host;
I sat me there in warm attire,
With shutters closed, and blazing fire;
And when he rush'd at me in spite,
Intent to freeze me and frostbite,
I thaw'd his beard, and with a kick
Despatch'd him up the chimney quick.

Early Days

THE ROSE AND LILY.

In the Song of Solomon, Jesus says, "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys." The rose is called the queen of flowers. Nothing in all the garden is so lovely and so sweet. So Jesus is more glorious than any one else in earth or heaven. He is "altogether lovely."

And what is so pure as the little white lily of the valley? Without spot or blemish, it is a fit emblem of the Saviour, who was "holy, harmless, undefiled." We love it all the more because it hangs its head in sweet humility, so like Jesus when He said, "I am meek and lowly in heart."

But Sharon's roses fade, and the lilies die in the valleys. Not so with Jesus: He lives for ever, just as pure and bright and glorious to-day as He ever was. Oh, you who so love to gather earthly flowers, do not neglect to make this heavenly one your own. Let your hearts be like gardens, that shall be fragrant and beautiful with the presence of Christ, "the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys."

"I LOVE JESUS."

A friend, writing of a Sabbath-school child, observed, "On entering the sick chamber, I led the mourners in prayer. The patient was a child of four years, and I thought that my chief mission there was to speak comfort to the parents; but I was greatly mistaken. As I rose from prayer, I stepped to her bedside, and was introduced to the child as the minister who had just offered prayer in

her hearing. She at once whispered to her mother, 'He loves Jesus,—I love him;' and stretching out her hand, she beckoned to me to kiss her; which done, she drew me again to her, and kissed my cheek, putting her arms around my neck, and repeating, gasping at every word, 'I love Jesus.'"

UNCLE WILLIAM.

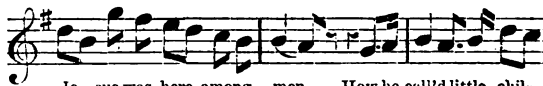
THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

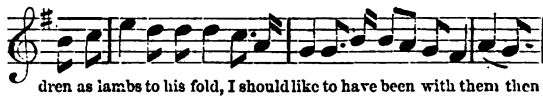
I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children like lambs to his fold,—
I should like to have been with them then,
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

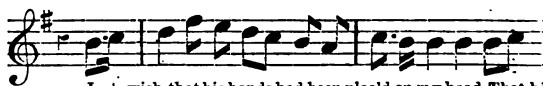
Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

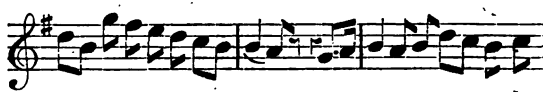
But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blessed.

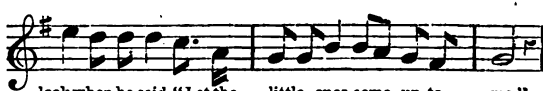
THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

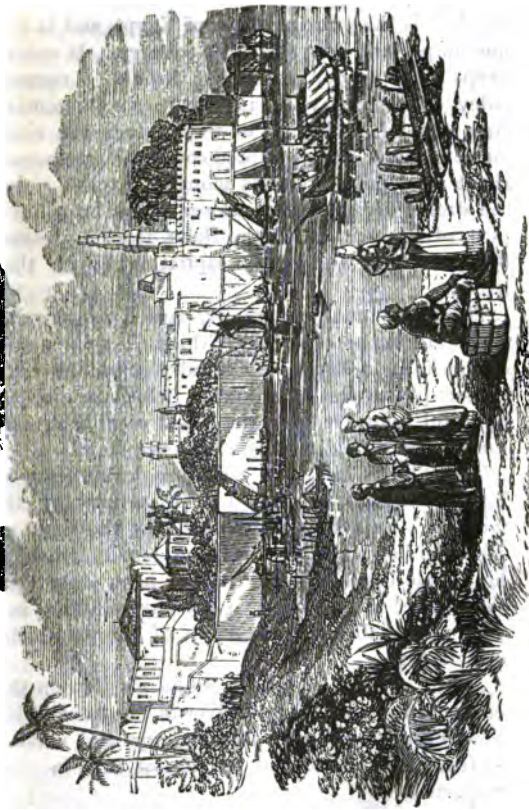












THE RIVER NILE.

THE RIVER NILE.

(With Engraving.)

THE Nile is the principal river of Egypt, and is the most important feature of the country. It enters Egypt near Syene, and flows through a narrow valley, about nine miles in breadth, to Chemmis; there the valley begins to widen, and the river continues in an uninterrupted course to Cercasoras, about sixty miles from its mouth. At this point the stream divides, and encloses in its branches a piece of country, called the Delta, from its resembling in form the Greek capital letter of that name.

The Nile annually overflows, caused by the rains which fall in the regions of Ethiopia; and as rain seldom falls in Egypt, the country is indebted for its fertility to this overflowing, which has also a powerful influence over the social condition, customs, science, and religion of the people.

The Nile is called in Scripture "the river of Egypt," and is associated with several of the miracles which Jehovah wrought by the hand of Moses in honour of true religion, and in behalf of his people Israel. Great changes have since then taken place in the country; thereby fulfilling, in a very remarkable manner, many of the prophecies of Scripture.

In the annexed engraving we have a view on this celebrated river. May the river of the water of life flow through this miserable country, and make it as fruitful in virtue and religion as it is in other respects!

A POUND OF SUGAR.

THERE is a little girl who has come to our house once a week for a length of time, with a pretty little thing in a small basket. What is this pretty little thing which is brought so carefully and regularly to our door? It is a Primitive Methodist Missionary box. This little missionary collector not only comes to our house, but goes to several more every week. I have seen her frequently going her regular round when the streets have been dirty and the weather cold. I asked her one day if she was not afraid of taking cold. She said, "No, sir. Mother wraps me well up, and I do not think I shall take any harm." I saw her one day plodding through the snow with her little basket. I asked her why she did not put her visit to her missionary subscribers off for a week and come once a fortnight. She replied, "I am afraid I should lose one week's subscription, sir." I asked her one day, when a number of children were not well in her neighbourhood, what would become of her missionary box, if she were taken ill. She replied at once, "My sister would come, sir." This little collector had her box opened three or four times during the year, and when the accounts were made up, it was found she had raised the pleasing sum of three pounds six shillings in one year. I asked her the first time she came this year, whether she should get as much as last year. "I hope more, sir," was her reply. Are there not a number of pretty little girls in our connexion who might by a little effort be induced to follow this noble example?

But what about this pound of sugar? Why this

little missionary collector and her sister have a dear old grandmother in London. For several weeks before Christmas they both agreed of their own accord to go without sugar in their tea in order that they might send a pound of sugar, and a small piece of money each as a Christmas present to their grandmother. They did so and sent their little present with a letter begging her to accept it, and assuring her that they prayed for her and hoped she would love Jesus and get to heaven. Sugar is always sweet, but how much sweeter would these two pounds be to that dear old lady! We hope she prays for herself and is living for heaven. Religion will sweeten all her bitter cups and fully brighten life's last hours. Who can but admire these two little sisters! We say to all our Sabbath-scholars, —be kind, be gentle, be meek, be loving, be patient, be good.

"Let love through all your actions run,
Let all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That meek and lovely child."

A. J.

JIM DICK.

Acts of kindness and soft words have great power even over an enemy. "When I was a small boy," says Mr. Southey, the poet, "there was a black lad in the town, by the name of Jim Dick. I and a number of my playfellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began teazing the poor black by calling him 'negro,' 'blackamoor,' and other ill names. The poor fellow appeared

very grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after agreed to go a skating, and on the day agreed on I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. "Oh yes, Master Robert, you may have them and welcome," was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was very much obliged to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took his skates, and with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'Robert, don't never call me blackamoor again,' and then left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved never again to abuse a poor black." What a noble example is here! Who will not imitate the poor black, and do good even to those who treat them with unkindness?

Extracted by T. MARTIN.

OBEDIENCE; OR, WHAT CHARLIE DID.

TURNING into a certain street, I saw a company of boys playing very earnestly, and evidently enjoying themselves greatly. One I noticed in particular, who seemed to be the leader of their sports; and just as I came up with them, he was proposing a new game, and giving instructions in regard to it. His whole heart seemed to be in the thing.

At this moment a window was thrown open in the house I was passing, and a sweet, gentle voice called,—

"Charlie, your father wants you."

The window at once closed, and that mother, as

I took her to be, immediately withdrew, without even stopping to see whether Charlie heard.

The boy was so busy that I doubted if that quiet voice would reach his ear. But it seemed she knew better than I. The words hardly escaped her lips when everything was dropped; the boys were left at play, and Charlie was soon within doors, where, of course, I could not follow him.

"A fine fellow that," thought I; "he will make his mark in the world. If a man would govern others, he must learn to obey; and surely Charlie had learned to obey."

Yes, boys, that is the way. Prompt, cheerful obedience is what you are to render parents and teachers. Do not wait to be spoken to the second time, but run at the first call.—*Early Days.*

SHORT LEGS.

To Sunday-school I love to go,
  But not to Church upstairs;
The sermons are so very long,
  So very long the prayers.

In Sunday-school the teachers speak
  In words so kind and plain,
I never do get tired out,
  But love to go again.

But when I get in yonder seat,
  I cannot quiet be,
For most of what the preacher says
  He meaneth not for me.

And so I swing my little feet,
  And move my hands about,

And wish, and wish, and wish again,
  The Church would soon be out.

The teacher comes and pulls my ear,
  And shakes my little head,
And wonders why I don't keep still,
  Till all the things are said.

And then the people from below
  Look upwards with amaze,
Astonished that a little boy
  Should have such naughty ways.

The preacher, too, stops still, and says,
  "That boy in yonder seat
Disturbs my sermon with the noise
  Of drumming with his feet."

Ah me! I know not what to do,
  For if I silent keep,
My eyes, o'ercome with weariness,
  Will close at once and sleep.

I often wonder why mamma
  To church will make me go;
Sermons are not for boys upstairs,
  But grown folks down below.

Besides you know my seat is hard,
  Nor is it cushion'd o'er;
My legs are short and cannot reach
  Clear down upon the floor.

Then chide me not, my older friends,
  When restless you me see,
With longer legs and softer seat
  A better boy I'll be.

ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS.

"And I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there."—1 Kings xvii. 4.

When the children of Israel had sinned greatly against God, in the days of the wicked king Ahab, the Lord determined to punish them; and He sent the prophet Elijah to the king to tell him that there should be no dew nor rain in the land, except when the prophet pleased. Elijah knew that the king, as he was a very wicked man, would probably be angry at his delivering such a message, and would perhaps attempt to kill him; but, fearless of his wrath, he went at the commandment of God: "And he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it

rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months." James v. 17. In this time all the grass was withered, the grain and fruits of the earth were cut off, most of the springs of water were dried up, and a great famine was in all the land. Elijah was a good man, and when the famine began God told him to go and hide himself by a brook, and He would send the ravens to bring him food. Elijah believed the word of God, and went, and the birds came every morning, and every evening, and brought him bread and flesh, just as God had promised. See 1 Kings, chap. xvii.

In this account we may learn two things; namely, that God is angry with sinners, and will punish all those who repent not; and that he loves those who obey him, and will protect them from danger.

We see the first point proved in the great evil which He sent on the land of Israel. What dreadful distress it must have caused! Think how awful would be the situation of our country, if there should be no rain for three years and a half; how many men, women, and children would die with hunger and thirst.

But this is only one of a great many of the judgments by which God has shown his anger against the impenitent; remember the flood, when he swept all his enemies into an awful eternity; and remember the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, when it rained fire and brimstone from heaven on those wicked cities. Oh! then let us fear to sin against God, and let us now reflect on his goodness to those who obey Him, and see how He protects them from danger.

We might mention a great many instances, recorded in the Bible, showing how the Lord often delivered his people from dangers. Noah was saved from the flood which drowned the ungodly, because he was a righteous man. Lot was a just man, and he was saved from the destruction of Sodom. Joseph feared God, and his brethren were kept from killing him; and when he was sold into Egypt, and cast into prison, he was brought out, and made the greatest man in the kingdom.

It is true that God's people may endure many trials, and suffer many afflictions; but these will be but for a short time, and from them the Lord will deliver his followers. The Bible says, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Every Christian may say with David, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man can do unto me!"

You see then, my dear young reader, what encouragement you have to become a child of God. Become his child; then, when you are in affliction, when your parents and friends die and leave you, or if you are visited with sickness and pain, or if you are laid on a death-bed, God will keep you, and comfort you, and at last receive you to Himself in heaven.

THE YOUNG PEDLAR.

One rainy afternoon in the early part of autumn I heard a low knock at my back door, and, upon opening it, found a pedlar.

This pedlar was a little boy. He was pale and wet, and looked so cold that I asked him to come

in by the fire. He appeared as though he thought I was going to buy something, for he opened his tin box. He looked up in my face very sadly when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not wish to purchase anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his manner which led me to inquire why he was out in the rain.

He replied, "I am out every day, and cannot stay in for a little rain; besides, most pedlars stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."

"How much do you earn in a day?"

"Sometimes two shillings, sometimes one; and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then, ma'am, I am very tired."

Here he gave a quick, dry cough, which startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?"

"I do not know, ma'am."

"Does it hurt you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where does your mother live?"

"In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved.

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am; he is with mother," he replied, in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I have a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."

"What was the matter with her?"

"She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I think that is why I cough so."

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Brown."

"Does she give you anything for your cough?"

"Not doctors' medicine—she is too poor; but she makes something for me to take."

"Will you take something if I give it to you?"

"No, ma'am, I thank you: mother took medicine, and it did not help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go: it would not stop my cough. Good day, ma'am."

"Wait a minute," I said: "I want to see what you carry."

He opened his box, and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed, I don't think it would have mattered what he had: I should have wanted it; for the little pedlar had changed in my eyes: he had a father and a mother in heaven, and so had I. How thankful he was; and how his great, sunken blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him.

"You do not ask me to take a halfpenny less," said he, after pausing a minute. "I think you must be very rich."

"Oh no," I replied; "I am far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave you for them. Will you come again?"

"Yes, ma'am, if I do not go to mother soon."

"Did you feel very sad?"

"I felt very big in my throat, and I thought I was choked; but I did not cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I am glad she is up there now."

"Who told you you were going to die?"

"Nobody; but I know I am. Perhaps I shall go before Christmas."

I could not endure that, and tried to make him stay; but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what success he had met with. He bade me good day again cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say,—

"God be with you, my child!"

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length, about New Year's Day, I went to the place he called home. Mrs. Brown was there; but the little pilgrim! his weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the doors of those who, like myself, forgot the necessity and stern want that often sent about these wanderers from house to house, and that their employment might be far more unseemly to them than annoying to us.—*Child's Companion.*

WINTER.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow;
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow;
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?
Oh! do you not know?
He is gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow;
And what will the honey-bee do, poor thing?

In his hive he will stay,
Till the cold's passed away.
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!
The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow;
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
Rolled up like a ball,
In his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing!
The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow;
And what will the children do then, poor things?
When lessons are done,
They'll jump, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm, poor things!

Child's Companion.

THE FLY.

'TWAS God who made that little fly,
And if I pinch it, it will die,
And mother tells me, God hath said,
We must not hurt what He hath made.

For God is very kind and good,
He gives e'en little flies their food;
And He loves every little child,
Who is kind-hearted, meek, and mild.

"JESUS! JESUS!"

LITTLE Annie T. died when she was three years and three months old. On her death-bed she called for her father. When he came to her bedside, she said, "Pray read." "What shall I read?" asked her father. "About Jesus," was her reply. When he had finished she said, "Sing, sing, of Jesus."

When they stopped, she cried, "More, more of Jesus." And as she sank in death the words which they heard lingering in whispers on her lips were, "Jesus, Jesus!"

I WOULD NOT BE AN ANGEL.

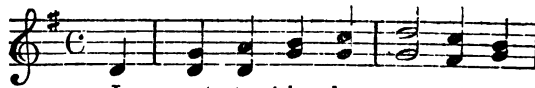
I WANT to join the ransomed,
  And with the ransomed stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
  A harp within my hand.
I want to join their chorus,
  My voice I want to raise,
And swell the song of vict'ry,
  To my Redeemer's praise.

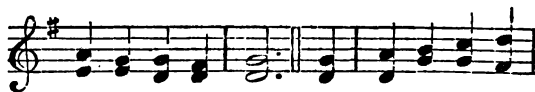
Angels look on in wonder,
  They cannot join that song,
But list in silent rapture,
  While saints the notes prolong.
Make me a saint in glory:
  Oh, let me see thy face,
Like those who now before thee
  Repeat thy wondrous grace.

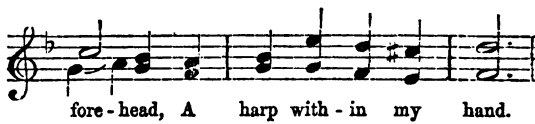
They cast their crowns before thee,
  They hail thee, Saviour, King;
And while they thus adore thee
  New praises strive to sing.
And thus through endless ages
  The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages,
  Thy love unchanging flows.

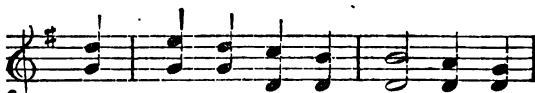
I would not be an angel,—
  For them no Saviour died;
No, rather let me glory
  In Christ the crucified.
His love shall draw me nearer
  Than angels ever come;
At his right hand he'll place me,
  In our eternal home.

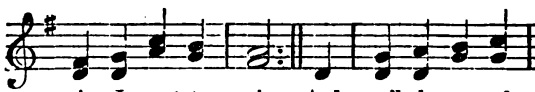
I WOULD NOT BE AN ANGEL.

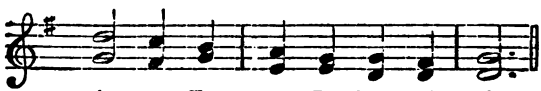












THE SYRIAN BEAR.

(*With Engraving.*)

THERE are several kinds of bears; the one mentioned in Scripture is called as above, "the Syrian bear." Its legs are short and thick, and its feet are armed with sharp claws. Its food is chiefly wild berries and fruits, and the eggs and the young of birds; and when fruits fail it will feed on any flesh it can obtain.

The bear chooses for its den a hole on the side of a hill, or a cave in a rock, and sometimes the hollow

of a large tree. Though its form seems clumsy, it climbs trees with ease, and swims with much skill.

In northern Asia the bear is of great value. From its skin the natives make cloaks, beds, caps, gloves, shoes, and harness for their sledges. Its fat serves for oil in their lamps, and its flesh is a dainty for their table. Part of its stomach, or other intestines, when spread out, are so clear as to serve instead of glass for windows in the log huts. Of its shoulder-bones sickles are made, to cut grass in summer; and its fur is used for muffs in winter.

The bear is very fond of its young, and when robbed of its whelps is fierce and full of rage.

The following account will show the love of the bear for its young:—"A bear, with two of its young ones, came over the ice, near to a ship where the sailors had killed a large animal. The bears were very hungry, and the sailors threw over some pieces of flesh to them. The old bear tore them up, and gave the meat to her whelps, keeping only a little for herself. While they were feeding, some men in the ship cruelly shot both the young bears. It would have drawn tears from all who have feeling minds to see the sorrow of the poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was herself sorely wounded by the guns, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she got some of the flesh, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and tried to lift them up. When she found they did not move, she went a few paces off and looked back, making a sad moaning noise, as though

she thought they would get up and follow her; but when she saw that she could not make them rise, she walked round them several times, and at last saw that they were dead. She then raised her head towards the ship with a terrible growl, when the sailors fired at her, and then she lay down between the bodies of her young and died."

The furious disposition of bears when robbed of their young is alluded to in the following passages of Scripture: "They be mighty men, and they be chafed in their minds as a bear robbed of her whelps in the field," 2 Sam. xvii. 8. "Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man rather than a fool in his folly," Prov. xvii. 12. "I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart," Hosea xiii. 8.

In the second book of Kings we have a mournful history, which strikingly illustrates the fierceness of the she-bear.

Elisha, being on his way to Bethel, some young persons came from the city and mocked him, saying, "Go up, thou bald head! Go up, thou bald head!" not only calling Elisha by a name very insulting in the East, but also impiously alluding to the way in which God had taken Elijah to heaven; and the Lord sent two she-bears out of the wood, which killed forty-two of these wicked young persons. What a solemn warning to those who persecute the servants of God, and scoff at his ways! J. P.

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

It was a bright sunny morning in June, when a

little boy, who lived in the North of England, was desired by his father to take care of his sheep, which grazed upon the side of a hill at a considerable distance from their cottage. As the day passed on, the boy became tired, so he lay down beneath the shady hedge, and fell sweetly asleep; but he was suddenly aroused by the bleating of one of the lambs. He immediately jumped up, when he saw a bold, rough-looking man putting it in a large bag. He at first felt frightened, and he well knew that his father could not afford to lose one, as he was poor. This child had been brought up by his mother to love and to read the Bible, and she often talked to him about "Jesus, the Lamb of God," who is very kind to good little children, and takes care of them. He at once recollected his loving Saviour, and knew if he did what was right, no harm would come to him without his Heavenly Father's permission; so he went up to the man and kindly said, "This is my father's lamb, and you must not take it." He was astonished to see the child, as he thought no one was near. "I don't care," he said, "whose lamb it is; but I shall have it. You had better keep quiet; if not, I will make you." "It is not only my father who will be angry with you," said the boy, as he tried to take hold of the lamb, "but God will, for He can see you, and knows what you are doing; and the Bible says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'" The man did not then heed what the child said, but threw him down upon the ground, where he remained for some time insensible; on recovering, he found the man had left, and taken the lamb with him. When the boy returned home in

the evening, he told his father all that had happened, who was much grieved to see his child so hurt. Being very fatigued, he was glad soon to retire to bed, but before falling asleep, he did not forget to pray, and ask God his heavenly Father to forgive that person who had acted so cruelly. About five or six weeks from this time, the family were sitting in their cottage, after their day's work was done, when they heard a gentle knocking at the door. On the boy opening it, he was much surprised to see the man enter, who a few weeks since had stolen the lamb. "I have brought your lamb back again," said he, "I acted wrong, very wrong. I have repented, and hope, sir, you will forgive me. It is through your child, that I am a different man from what I was then. The boy came to me in a calm but determined manner; he spoke of his God, and of his Bible; he did not attempt to strike me; had he done so, or used bad words, I should doubtless have returned his blow with double force. The words sank deep into my heart, and for the first time I have now read my Bible with a prayerful spirit."

I hope, little reader, when any person acts or speaks unkindly to you, you will not reply hastily; but first think what Jesus would say to you. He would have us all live in the spirit of love, and remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." H. P.

A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.

MAMMA, let's go and see the lambs:
This warm and sunny day,

I think, must make them very glad,
  And full of fun and play.
Ah! there they are, you pretty things,
  Now don't you run away;
I'm come on purpose, with mamma,
  To see you this fine day.
What pretty little heads you've got,
  And such good-natured eyes;
And ruffs of wool all round your necks,
  How nicely curled it lies!
Come here, you little trembler, come,
  And lick my hand, now do,
How silly to be so afraid,
  Indeed, I'll not hurt you.
Just put your hand upon its back,
  Mamma, how nice and warm:
There pretty lamb, you see I don't
  Intend to do you harm.

Sent by J. WESLEY ANTLIFF.

THE MORNING STAR.

EACH name and title of our Saviour in the Bible has its own peculiar meaning and beauty. One of these names is THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR. When you see this star in the sky, think of Jesus our Saviour, and remember that you should love Him now in the early morning of your life. But to see this star you must rise early, even in the country, where there are no high walls to shut out a wide view of the heavens. Quite early in the morning you must leave your pillows; or the sun's brightness will hide from you the light of the morning star. As the day dawns more clearly, and the deeper glow

in the east tells us of the rising sun, the star will gradually appear less and less in size, and more dim and distant, until it is lost to our view. While you are watching it will disappear. It will remind you of a verse of a hymn :—

"As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed."

When you see this star in the heavens, do not forget that Jesus placed it in the skies. Far distant as it is from you, it is great and glorious beyond your power of thought. It sets forth his praise. He made all that is great and glorious ; and yet He, the Creator of all, died upon the cross for lost sinners. Oh the majesty and the love of Jesus !

THE BEST TEACHER.

From everything our Saviour saw,
Lessons of wisdom He would draw;
The clouds, the colours in the sky;
The gentle breeze that whispers by;
The fields, all white with waving corn;
The lilies that the vale adorn;
The reed that trembles in the wind;
The tree where none its fruit can find;
The sliding sand, the flinty rock,
That bears unmoved the tempest's shock;
The thorns that on the earth abound;
The tender grass that clothes the ground;
The little birds that fly in air;
The sheep that need the shepherd's care;
The pearls that deep in ocean lie;
The gold that charms the miser's eye:
All from his lips some truth proclaim,
Or learn to tell their Maker's name.

MOUNT ARARAT.

DIFFERENT opinions have been entertained respecting the mountain on which the Ark of Noah rested. It is, however, generally supposed to be a mountain of Armenia, still called by the Scripture name Ararat. It is thought to be a part of that vast chain of mountains called Caucasus and Taurus; upon which, and in the adjacent country, were preserved more authentic accounts of the Ark than in almost any other part of the world. M. Tournefort, a famous French naturalist, who visited the mountain, says, "It is a detached mountain in the form of a sugar-loaf, in the midst of a very extensive

plain, consisting of two summits; the lesser, more sharp and pointed; the higher, which is that of the Ark, lies north-west of it, and raises its head far above the neighbouring mountains, and is covered with perpetual snow." The ascent is difficult and fatiguing. Tournefort attempted it; and, after a whole day's toil, he was obliged by the snow and intense cold, to return without accomplishing his design, though in the middle of summer. On some part of this lofty mountain did Noah and his family abide in the Ark for several months. J. P.

A TRUE STORY.

A RICH lady was one day overtaken by a shower of rain, so, sending her servant for a carriage, she took shelter in the cottage of a poor man. Having to wait a long time, she amused herself with looking at the contents of the little room in which she was seated, and, among other things, her eye fell upon a large money-box. Being of a kind disposition, she said to a little pale boy, who was sitting by the fire, "Bring me your money-box, my lad, and I will give you something." The boy's face was flushed as he rose and took the box to the lady, and he was still more pleased when he saw her about to put in a bright new half-crown; but he suddenly looked up into her face and said, "Do you know, ma'am, that this is a missionary box?"

"A missionary box!" exclaimed the lady, "take it back then, I do not wish to give money to missions; and if I make you a present of this half-crown, you must promise me that you will not put a penny of it into that box."

"I cannot promise that, ma'am," said he firmly; "father, mother, and I always put part of all the money we get into the missionary box; and after all 'tis little enough."

"And how came this idea into your heads?" asked the lady, "for I am sure you never heard anything about missionaries in the village."

"No, ma'am, we never did, more's the pity; but I bought a book one day of a pedlar, and it was full of such wonderful stories about the doings of the heathen in far-off countries, that I did not believe they could be true. However, when father read it, he said 'twas true enough; for he had been a soldier aforetime, and travelled in those very places. So then I asked if I could do something to help them, and mother said we might have a box, and put in all the pence we could spare, the same as they used to do at the Sunday-school where she went once; so father knocked up this, and 'twas agreed that we should all put in a part of what we earned."

"And what will you do with the money when the box is full?" asked the lady.

"I don't know, ma'am," answered the boy, with a puzzled look, "but we could get another box, and fill that."

The lady smiled and said, "Can you really think it a duty to deny yourselves for such a purpose?"

The boy looked surprised, but answered, "After all that God has done for us, ma'am, don't you think that we ought to try to do something for Him?"

Just then the lady's carriage came to the door, but before leaving she put the half-crown into the

missionary box, saying in a laughing manner, "I hope it may do good."

"God grant it may," said the boy solemnly, "and I thank you in his name."

Many weeks passed away, and one bright, sunshiny day, the lady again entered the cottage where she had once taken shelter, but this time she was the bearer of good news. Since her last visit, she had been reading some missionary books, and God had led her to see the importance of missions, and inclined her heart to help them; so she had spoken to the minister, and to some other people in the village, and the result was, that they were going to have missionary meetings and a missionary society among themselves.—From that time the lady not only became a zealous supporter of missions, but she began to take pleasure in all kinds of good works. Thus did God bless the example set by this poor but pious family, and thus will He assuredly bless all those who are not weary in well-doing, for the promise is sure, that "in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."—*Youth's Magazine.*

THE BEAR'S DINNER.

"O PAPA! please tell us a story now, while you have nothing to do!"

So exclaimed one and another of a group of little ones, climbing around their father as he sat resting by the evening fire.

"Well, as I have nothing to do, I suppose I must. What sort of a story shall it be?"

"A bear story," said one; "O yes, tell us about the bear who stole a dinner!"

Papa protested that he had told that story over and over again, but indulgently gave it again, as requested.

We listened, too, to the story which was such a favourite with the children; and as we have never seen it in the newspapers, we thought it might perhaps amuse "our little folks."

"A good many years ago," said papa, "before I was born, my father and mother went to live in the northern part of New York State. If you look on your map now, you will see towns and villages dotted about where then there were scarcely any settlements—nothing but thick woods."

"*Bears* in 'em?" asks a boy with wide-opened eyes.

"Yes, woods with bears in 'em—only think!"

"I shouldn't think your father and mother would have liked to go and live where the bears were."

"O, the bears did not often trouble settlers. I do not know that any ever came near my father's place. But afterward, when they had come back to the East to live, and I was a little fellow climbing on my father's knee, just as you do now, he used to tell me this story about a man who settled out there—I suppose somewhere near them.

"This man had built a saw-mill some distance from his house, and often he used to go to the mill to work all day, taking his dinner with him.

"You have seen a saw-mill. You know its use is to saw big, heavy logs—the trunks of trees—into nice, smooth boards, to build houses with.

"Well, one day the man had been hard at work all the morning at his mill, and when it drew near

noon he began to feel hungry, and thought he would stop and eat his dinner. So he sat down on a large log upon which the saw was working, with his tin pail by his side. Was he afraid of the saw? O no; he could jump off at any moment, if he came too near the saw."

"While he was eating the good things which his wife had put up for him, and thinking of his work, his home, and his babies, who should come up but a rough old bear!

"Bruin smelled the goodies, and thought he would put in for a share. So he quietly mounted the log, on the other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck his nose into it, as if to say, 'Give *me* some.'

"The good man was somewhat startled, you may believe, by the appearance of such a visitor. Of course, he would not be so impolite as to refuse him a share of the feast; but he was afraid that when Bruin had finished his dinner he might take it into his head to give him a loving hug by way of thanks —so he prudently withdrew to a safe distance, and gave up the whole to him. Bruin munched in perfect content, with his nose in the pail and his back to the saw, while the owner of the dinner looked on from his hiding-place, and wished for a gun.

"But in the meantime the log had been gradually working up toward the saw, and now all at once the bear felt a slight nip in his tail. At this he growled, and gave an angry shake, moving a little further along the log. Presently he received another nip, and growled more savagely, but could not turn from his delightful repast. But when he was moved

a third time within reach of the saw, and felt another bite, his bear nature could stand it no longer; so he turned in a rage, and hugged the old saw with all his might. And what happened then? Why, of course, he was cut in two; and the man had bear meat enough for a number of dinners, besides nice bear-skin caps for his little boys, to keep their ears warm."

Now, you have been told to look out for a moral in a story. What shall we learn from this? Why, 1. That he who steals a dinner is likely to pay for it; 2. That he who flings himself into a passion against anything which annoys him, will be apt to get sorely cut and wounded thereby, and make matters very much worse.

WHAT THE HOLY SPIRIT DOES FOR US.

"MOTHER," said a child, laying her head on her mother's shoulder, "I am so weak, that I do naughty things almost before I know it. I do not want to do wrong, but I do; and I feel as if I cannot ever be good, and be like Jesus."

And what did mother say? She said, "Jesus knew what is in our hearts, Mary, and how weak we are; and before he went back to heaven, he told his disciples that his Spirit should be given to strengthen them. He would help them in everything good, and keep away what is evil. And his promise is also given to us. His blessed Spirit will help *you* as well as his first disciples. Ask Him every day to let his Spirit come and guide and keep you all the day long. Tell Him how much you need his help; how you are afraid you shall sometimes

forget, and sin against Him. Tell Him how you are only a little child, and need his help very much; and He will grant your prayer. And oh! how blest you will be. Jesus is your Saviour, and his death on the cross has washed your sins away, and his Spirit has come to live in our hearts to give us strength to keep holding on in the right away."

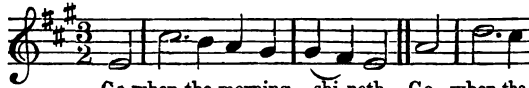
GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

Go when the morning shineth,
  Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
  Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Cast every care away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

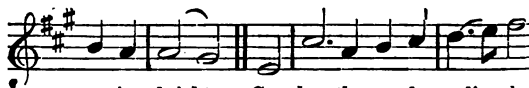
Remember all who love thee,
  All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those that hate thee,
  If any such there be:
Then for thyself in meekness,
  A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
  Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee,
  In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
  When friends are round thy way;
E'en then in silent breathing,
  The spirit raised above
Will reach the throne of glory,
  Of mercy, truth, and love.

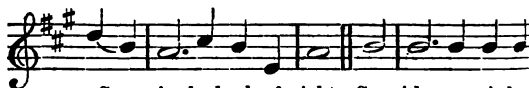
GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.



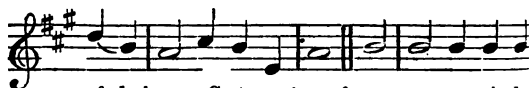
Go when the morning shi-neth, Go when the



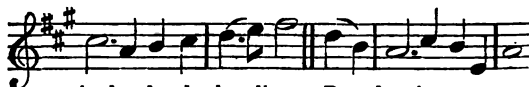
noon is bright, Go when the eve de - cli-neth,



Go in the hush of night, Go with pure mind and



feel - ing, Cast ev' - ry fear a - way, And



in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.

THE WAR-CHARIOT.

THE WAR-CHARIOT.

(*With Engraving.*)

AMONG the instruments of war known and used by the Israelites and surrounding nations, none was more terrible than that of which you see a picture on the foregoing page. Though properly a carriage, it was used fully as much for the mischief it was fitted to do to the enemy, as on account of the warrior who rode in it. The horses, covered with plates of iron screwed on leather (in the picture they look like scales), could hardly be hurt or stopped by any of the weapons known in those days; and wherever they were driven, the sharp scythes fastened crosswise to the front of the chariot, and to the axles of the wheels, mowed down the soldiers on both sides; while such as were thrown down by the horses, would be cut in pieces by other scythe-blades standing downwards from the bottom of the chariot. Well might the foot-soldiers be afraid, when they saw such formidable instruments of death rushing on them, and knew how little chance they had of defending themselves, or even of escaping by flight! Thus we read that the children of Judah could not drive out the inhabitants of a valley that fell to the possession of that tribe, in the land of Canaan, "because they had chariots of iron;" although the Lord had been with them, to give them success against the inhabitants of other parts of their lot in the promised land.

When David fought against the king of Damascus, who had a thousand chariots, he overcame him in spite of them; and when he had gotten the victory,

he did not pretend to keep for his own use the horses and chariots which he had taken, but he lamed the horses and burned all the chariots, except a few, saved merely as a trophy, 2 Sam. viii. 4.

But Solomon, king David's son, with all his wisdom, and wealth, and magnificence, sinned against the Lord in this matter, and suffered for it too. We read that he had 1,400 chariots, and that he brought horses from Egypt—both, no doubt, to make his kingdom strong and perpetual; and yet he was the very last king that reigned over all Israel,—not one of all his descendants had power over more than two out of the twelve tribes.

Before Solomon's time, too, we find that the wicked Absalom gathered together chariots and horsemen to fight against his father, 2 Sam. xv. 1; and you know what success he had—how miserably he perished in the wood!

After Solomon, almost all the kings of Judah and Israel seem to have kept chariots for use in war; for they were almost all wicked, and durst not trust in the Lord, whom they did not serve. Ahab, that wicked king, who openly worshipped the idol Baal, instead of the only true God, died in his war-chariot. If you read the account, (1 Kings xxii. 34, 38,) you will see that the picture we have given you might serve well for a representation of Ahab and the driver of his chariot. Look at it again, and see how fierce they look, and how well protected, as if nothing could harm them or stand before them! And yet the Lord caused an arrow, shot by a man who did not know where it would hit, to bring Ahab, that proud warrior, low, and

fulfil the prophecy, "that the dogs should lick his blood!"—Well may we put our trust in Him who is mighty to save and to destroy! When wars are begun and continued under the direction of God they must be right; for he cannot be the author of any wrong; but it is to be feared the warfare known among most of the ancient and modern nations originated not in God, but in proud human nature, and was wickedly conducted to attain wicked ends. The sooner such warfare shall cease, the better it will be for the world; and hence we hail every prudent effort made by "Peace Societies" to cause national differences to be settled by arbitration. Success to their work! and may the time speedily arrive, when "Christ shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; and nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," Isa. ii. 4; Mic. iv. 3.

THE STOLEN SIXPENCE.

MANY years ago there lived in the village of F——, in Somersetshire, an old woman, who kept a small school, where little boys and girls were taught to read. One day there was present in the school a poor old widow, who, when putting some money into her pocket, dropped a sixpence. One of the scholars, a little boy, who was sitting very near, saw the sixpence fall, picked it up, and instead of giving it to the poor old woman, put into his own pocket, intending to buy some apples and cakes with it. When the old woman was about to leave

she missed her sixpence; search was made for it, but in vain. The little boy, who was sitting near, was asked if he had seen the sixpence. He was about to say no, but his heart condemned him, and he said, "I picked it up, but I thought it was a button." Thus you see he told a lie to conceal his guilt. And now, dear readers, you will very likely call him a very wicked boy; so he was, but there are many wicked boys and girls still, who steal, tell lies, and do many wicked things. Now, dear children, when you are tempted to steal think of the following lines—

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
And much more a greater thing."

Remember God says "Thou shalt not steal;" but, if you should do anything wrong, do not, like the little boy, tell a lie to hide your fault; but tell the truth, and ask God to forgive you.

The little boy that stole the sixpence is now a man, and he is trying to find his way to heaven; but even now he often thinks with feelings of regret of the stolen sixpence. J. ASHMAN.

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER.

SOME time ago, there was a little boy in Germany, by the name of Frank, who was only six years old. He had lost his father, and was by this sad event deprived of the means of continuing his education. This was a grief to Frank, for, unlike some, he was not pleased to be idle; his greatest desire was that he might be admitted into a school founded by those pious Christians called Moravians, where children are taught to love the Saviour. His

mother wished it as much as he did; yet without friends, and poor, he had but little to expect in this world. Happily for our young orphan, he had heard of Him who is rich in mercy and who said "Suffer little children to come unto me." Little Frank believed in this good Saviour, and that he would help him if he asked him. "But how can I go to Jesus?" said he; "I will write to him, and tell him everything." This he did, and his letter is the following:—

"My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—I have lost my father; we are very poor, but I know thou tellest us in thy word that whatever we ask of God, in thy name, he will do it. I pray thee to give my mother the means of placing me in the Moravian school. Give me also wisdom, and all that is good."

He then folded up the letter, looking very happy, and carried it to the post office. Some might think this foolish in little Frank, but recollect how young he was; he knew not much about the post; he had heard that it was the quickest way of sending a message to friends at a distance, and as Jesus was gone up into heaven he thought it the best way of asking him for what he wanted. The postmaster, seeing the direction, thought the letter was from some foolish or mad person, and therefore threw it aside. But after a time he took it and opened it, and was much affected with reading the infant's prayer.

A kind lady, hearing of the little boy's letter, took him under her care, and placed him in the Moravian school. Though the letter itself never

reached heaven, yet the prayer it contained did, for Frank's was a wise prayer, and God answered it.

MARK HARRISON.

EVENING PRAYER FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

8's and 7's.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
  Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
  Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day thy hand has led me,
  And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed, and fed me,—
  Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
  Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
  Happy there with thee to dwell.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLVED to begin each day by praying to God to teach me to please him.

Resolved, as the Bible is a Christian guide-book, to read in it every day.

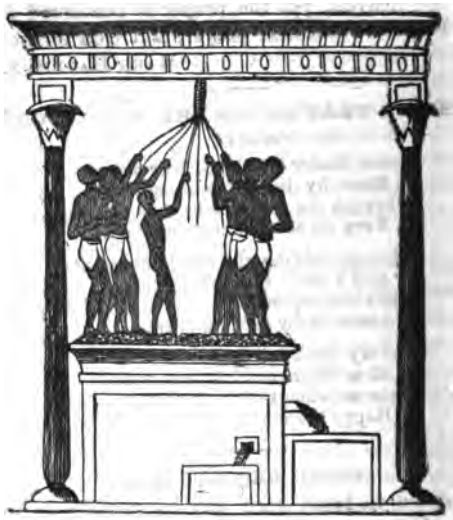
Resolved to be kind and cheerful, and to please other people when it is right.

Resolved that a Christian child should be the best son, daughter, scholar, and friend.

Resolved to conquer one fault each week.

Resolved at night to think over the day, and ask forgiveness for all that has been wrong.

Resolved never to do anything that I am not sure is right.



THE WINE-PRESS.

When the purple clusters of grapes were ripe, they were collected in baskets and carried to the wine-press; which was a cistern open at the top, with a pipe or spout in the side. When the cistern was filled, the wine-makers jumped upon the fruit, crushing it by their weight, and thus pressing out the juice, which flowed through the shoot in the side. To give greater force to the spring, a beam was placed over the cistern, supported either by pillars or trees, from which ropes were hung for the pressers to hold by, and raise themselves up for

a heavy leap. This was a very joyous employment, and the crushing of the grapes was celebrated with even greater festivity than a harvest-home in England. From this custom Jeremiah derives a lively image of Divine vengeance: "The Lord shall mightily roar upon his habitation; he shall give a shout, as they that tread the grapes, against all the inhabitants of the earth," Jer. xxv. 30. In the accompanying engraving we see a party of wine-pressers engaged in this task.

The abundant production of wine in Syria and Palestine made images drawn from the vine and its fruit familiar to the Hebrew poets. The purple juice, which they called "the blood of the grape," as it spirted from the crushed fruit, staining the persons and the garments of those employed in treading out the wine, naturally suggests the sanguinary triumph of some mighty conqueror trampling his foes, and spreading ruin around; it has, accordingly, been thus employed by Isaiah in his sublime description of the Messiah's victory over his enemies, a passage whose poetic beauty has never been equalled:—"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat? I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain

all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come. And I looked and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me. And I will tread down the people in my anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth," Is. lxiii. 1—6. In this magnificent burst of poetry, the word "alone" has a peculiar emphasis; because, as we see in the engraving, it was usual for several persons to tread together in the wine-press. The same vivid image of waste and destruction occurs also in the Lamentations of Jeremiah:—"The Lord hath trodden under foot all my mighty men in the midst of me; he hath called an assembly against me to crush my young men: the Lord hath trodden the virgin, the daughter of Judah, as in a wine-press," Lam. i. 15. It may also be remarked that the eighth Psalm, which is entitled "upon Gittith," or "the wine-press," appears to have been composed by David for the feast of tabernacles, which occurred at the season of the vintage; and the phrase, "Thou hast put all things under his feet," refers more probably to the custom of crushing the grapes, than that of setting the foot upon the neck of a conquered enemy.—*Child's Magazine.*

"SPEAK GENTLY."

"SPEAK gently!" How much good is contained in these two words. Dear reader, do we all speak gently?

"Speak gently, little ones!" said Mrs. Dalton, as she heard the several voices of her children in a slight dispute; "speak gently, my children, and all will be pleasant again."

"But, mother," replied a little boy, "how can I be gentle, when Martha is so cross?"

"But, Georgie, I did not mean to be cross. You were quite rude to me. Now, mother, we were both to blame, so please tell us how to learn to be gentle."

"You must try, my dear Martha, and if you do not succeed at first, try again. Georgie dear, you must learn to yield somewhat to your sister. She is younger than you, and you should set a good example before her. You are to help mother to mould little Martha's character; and remember, my son, if you overcome this petulant manner once, you will make it so much the easier for you to conquer this bad habit. Nor must Martha indulge in peevish words; she should speak gently; by that I mean, speak softly and sweetly to each other."

"I will try to be more gentle, mother, and so will Georgie, won't you?"

"Yes, Martha, I will," replied her happy brother. "Now let us go to our play again, sister."

"Wait a moment, my children, I want to ask you why you are going to try to be pleasant?"

"To please you of course, dear mother," said Georgie, kissing his mother.

"And who besides mother, my dear boy?" asked Mrs. Dalton. Georgie hung his head, and made no reply to his mother's question.

"I know, mother; to please Jesus, is it not?" said Martha.

"Yes, Martha, that should be your motive. To please Jesus you must 'speak gently,' act kindly, and allow no angry thoughts to take hold of your little hearts; and my children must learn to be patient with each other, striving to make each other happy."

So off the little ones ran to complete the castle they were building. Not an unkind word was spoken, but they worked peacefully, and were soon repaid by the sight of a finished castle.

The next day, when the same bricks were brought out, a little of the old spirit took hold of their breasts. Georgie was anxious to have it his way, and Martha was equally desirous.

"Oh, Georgie! please don't build it so high. It will surely fall, and that will spoil all."

"Oh, no! it won't fall. See, Martha! doesn't it look pretty?" said Georgie.

"Yes, but you must not put that large heavy brick upon the top!" said the little girl, snatching the offending article from her brother's hand.

"Oh, Martha! you are a naughty girl!" cried the angry boy. "Speak gently, little ones!" said Mrs. Dalton, looking up from her sewing.

"But, mother! Martha is so cross!"

"Oh, no! Georgie, I am not. Here is the brick, and you may put it upon the house. I am sorry I took it from you, and I forgot to 'speak gently.' It would not be very bad if the house should fall, Georgie, for us to build it over. There is the brick!" said his sister.

"No, I don't want it now," replied Georgie, jumping up from the floor. "I shan't play with you any more."

"Oh, Georgie dear! I did not mean to vex you so much. Come, and when we play again, I will be more gentle," replied Martha, taking her brother by the hand, and leading him to the pile of bricks. Georgie followed his sister, and they were soon busily engaged with their play again.

Martha was tempted several times to oppose his wishes, but she struggled hard to keep silent.

Mrs. Dalton was highly gratified to see her little daughter strive so earnestly to overcome her habit of disputing with her playmate.

"Mother!" said the little girl, when she was seated upon her mother's lap a few minutes before being placed in her little bed, "do you think I pleased Jesus to-day when I tried to 'speak gently' to Georgie?"

"Yes, my dear child, I am sure you did. And, Martha, are you not happier for doing that which you know will please the Saviour? He is just as pleased, and more so than your earthly parents if you strive to obey him. Did you never think of this, Martha dear?"

"No, I never did. And now I am going to 'speak gently' all the time, if I can. But here comes Georgie!"

"Georgie, we are talking together again about 'speaking gently,'" said Mrs. Dalton, calling him to her side. "Now has Georgie tried to use gentle words since we last spoke of trying to 'speak gently?'"

"Yes, mother, I have tried over and over again, and I can't be gentle, it is no use trying."

"But my boy must not be content by *trying* to be gentle. What should he do, Martha?"

"I don't know, mother, but I will tell you what I did yesterday after you asked us to be pleasant. I went up to my little room, and knelt down by the side of my bed, and I there asked God to help me, and I think he did."

"Yes, Martha, you did right. Whenever you resolve upon doing good you should pray for strength to enable you to go on. Did you ever ask God to help you, Georgie?"

"I never thought of it, mother. Sister Martha, please to tell me what you said when you asked God?"

Martha hesitated a moment, but at last she spoke—"Georgie, I am a little girl, and all I could say was this: 'Please, Lord Jesus, help me to speak gently to brother Georgie.'"

Dear young reader, do you ever offer up such a prayer to God's throne? Do you always go to Jesus when you desire aid? If this has not been your custom, begin now. The earlier the better. No matter how young, you can fold your little hands and say, "Please, Lord Jesus, help me!" and be assured that Jesus will surely hear that prayer, however simple, if it comes from a heart warmed by a Saviour's love.

Ever afterwards Martha's words were soft and pleasant, and George followed his sister's example. Never were their lips used to utter an unkind word. Even little May was not afraid of the angry

frown, if she tumbled down her brother's tower. But, with a sweet "never mind," he would set about re-building it.

My little friends, let us try and "speak gently" to our brothers and sisters, and to *every one*. We will banish all harsh and unpleasant thoughts from our hearts, and all unkind words from our lips, and remember that Jesus will be pleased to have us "speak gently."

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHOICE.

A QUAKER, residing in Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen, in order to make their compliments and ask for their usual New Year's gifts.

"Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts; choose, fifteen franks or the Bible."

"I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs."

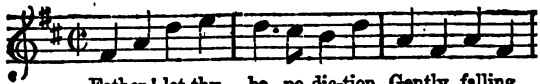
"I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs.

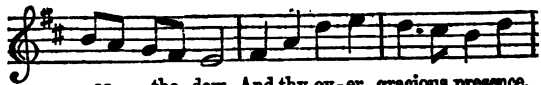
The third also made the same choice.

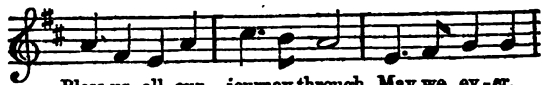
He now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness. "Will you, too, take these three pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your labour and industry?"

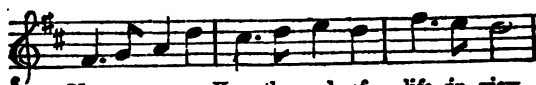
"As you say the book is good I will take it, and read from it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice. Take care of your choice! *Sent by* J. HAWKINS.

BRITCHER'S BENEDICTION.









Young in years, we need the wisdom,
Which can only come from thee;
In the morn of our existence,
Let us thy salvation see,—
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.

When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,—
Saviour, hear us when we pray,
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.

Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to thee;
For the news of thy salvation,
Shall extend from sea to sea,—
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship thee.

CHRIST, ZACCHEUS, AND A SYCAMORE TREE.

(With Engraving.)

ZACCHEUS the publican, or tax-gatherer, was a rich man, but short in stature. He wished much to see Jesus, who was passing through Jericho, but unable to look above the heads of the people, forming a great crowd, he got up into a sycamore, or kind of fig-tree; and I am sure this was an excellent plan. There he was; and Jesus looked up into the tree, and called him by name to come

down, for he meant to go with him to his house. Zaccheus was pleased at this, but many were mortified, among whom the Pharisees would, no doubt, constitute a considerable share, for they said that Jesus was gone to be a guest with a sinner. Poor narrow hearts! they ought to have rejoiced that Jesus Christ "came into the world to save sinners." The heart of Zaccheus was touched by the Saviour's grace. It is supposed by some that he had been an *oppressive* and *unjust* tax-gatherer, and had much wronged those of whom he had collected, to enrich himself. However this might be, he did not seek to cover any evils of which he was guilty, but offered, if he had wronged any man of anything, to repair the injury he had done him. Jesus saw that he was a sincere penitent, ready to receive him as his Saviour; therefore he said to him, "This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham." Publicans, though Jews, were reckoned by the Jews but as heathens; but in the case before us, Zaccheus was blessed, by Christ, with faithful Abraham; and when Christ blesses a man, those who curse the man, or grumble at his condition, are not the Lord's disciples.

Learn, *first*, that we should be at some pains to get a look at Christ; for he says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."

Second. If we strive to love Christ, he will instantly bless us, as he did Zaccheus, when he told him that salvation had come to his house; yes, whoever may grumble, old or young, Christ will not be hindered from blessing us, any more than

he was hindered from blessing Zaccheus by the clamour of the fault-finding Pharisees.

Third. If we have wronged any one, by word or deed, we must instantly confess our fault, and beg pardon of the offended, as well as of Christ; or try in some satisfactory way to make amends. This would not be cowardly, as some people foolishly think; it would be noble, honourable, right, for it would please Christ, who approves of nothing but what is good. Readers, improve these hints, and soon you will know their value by blessed experience.

WHAT THE BOYS WOULD BE.

FOUR or five good little boys were talking one evening, as boys often do, of the future. One asked the tallest of the group:—

"What are you going to be when you are a man, Willie?"

"A lawyer," answered Willie. "It is very important to have justice done in courts."

"Yes; but I guess lawyers don't always look out for justice. I've heard that most of them will plead a case on either side, right or wrong, for the money," replied Charles.

"Well, that may be so; but that's not the kind of a lawyer I'm going to be. I'll always take the right side, whether I get paid or not. I'll look out for all the widows and orphans, to see that nobody cheats them," said Willie. "What will you be, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm going to be a doctor, so that I can ride day and night. I'll keep four horses, and

change them often, and always have a fresh one. I'll not go poking along with a worn-out horse and spattered gig, like Dr. Grey."

At this little Jimmy sprung up, and cried very earnestly, as if already in the business:

"Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I'm going to be a blacksmith."

His brothers laughed, and Willie said—

"I shall never be ashamed of you, Jimmie, if you're a good, honest blacksmith; but you must always wash your face and hands before you come to my office."

"Yes, I will; and put on my Sunday clothes," replied the good-natured little fellow.

"Well, that is settled, then. Father is to have a lawyer, a doctor, and a blacksmith in his family," said Willie.

Grandma sat all this time in her arm-chair, knitting away very fast on a little striped stocking. At her feet sat the family pet, Harry, sticking pins into grandma's ball of yarn.

Ah! it was for his tiny plump feet that the yarn was flying over the dear old lady's needles.

"Boys," said grandma, "here is one who has not told what he is going to be when a man."

"Oh, no," cried Willie, stooping down and taking dear Harry in his arms. "What are you going to be when you are a big man like papa?"

Harry put his little arms around Willie's neck, and said—

"When I am a great high man, I'll be—I'll be kind to my mother."

"You darling boy," cried grandma, "that is a

sweet little vision of your future. I would rather have you a humble working man, with this same affectionate heart, than see you cold and selfish in the President's chair, or in the seat of a judge. Willie and Charlie might be great and wise men in their professions, and yet be no comfort to their parents in old age, unless they were at the same time loving and kind. Greatness alone makes no one happy; but goodness, like the sun, sheds light and joy everywhere. Whenever, after this, dear boys, you are laying plans for coming life, always add to your plans and promises sweet Harry's words, "When I'm a man, I'll be kind to my mother."

Sent by H. WORTH.

HINTS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. Respect and obey your parents.
2. Love your brothers and sisters sincerely.
3. Never speak evil one of another.
4. Never strike, nor lie, nor cheat, nor steal.
5. Be strictly honest, even in the smallest matters.
6. Save everything you can to give to the poor.
7. Do not mock the deaf, the lame, or the blind.
8. Always address the aged with proper respect.
9. Do not dirty or injure your clothes.
10. If you find anything, return it to the owner.
11. Avoid the company of bad children.
12. Never kill a fly, or be cruel to any living thing.
13. Do not covet what is not your own.
14. Try to improve at school every day.
15. Guard against low and vulgar language.
16. Eat with thankfulness whatever is set before you.
17. Take such medicine as the doctor orders.

18. Be very exact in your behaviour at meals.
19. Put your clothes and play-things in their proper places.
20. Avoid eating any kind of unripe fruit.
21. Always answer distinctly, correctly, and modestly.
22. Shun all kinds of gaming as a great evil.
23. Become the young disciples of Jesus Christ.
24. Pray daily to God, and praise His holy name.
25. Live without sin, so that, should you die any day, you may be taken to heaven, where all good children will for ever dwell.

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

WHAT A CHILD MAY DO.

A LITTLE boy in London, who attended a Sabbath school, having occasion every Lord's-day to go through a certain court, observed a shop open for the sale of goods. Shocked at such a profanation, he considered whether it was possible for him to do any thing to prevent it. He determined to leave a tract on the "Lord's-day," as he passed the shop in the course of the week. He did so; and on the following Sabbath observed that the shop was shut up. Surprised at this, he stopped, and considered whether it could be the effect of the tract he had left. He ventured to knock gently at the door, when a woman within, thinking it was a customer, answered aloud, "*You cannot have anything, we don't sell on the Sunday.*" Encouraged by what he had heard, the little boy still begged for admittance; when the woman, recollecting his voice, said, "Come in, my dear little fellow: it was you

that left the tract here against Sabbath breaking; and it alarmed me so, that I did not dare to keep my shop open any longer, and I am determined never to do so again while I live."

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee;
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes.

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow.

Oh! revere her raven hair,
Although it be not silver gray;
Too early, Death, led on by care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh! revere her raven hair.

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That heaven may long the stroke defer;
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn.

Sent by W. SHIMWELL.

CHRIST'S APPEARING TO MARY.

WHERE much has been forgiven, there is often a return of much love; and there ought always to be such a return. Mary Magdalene was under the influence of seven devils; or, to use plain language, they dwelt within her. To be subject to one evil spirit must be tormenting; what, then, must be the awful state of a person subject to seven such spirits! and how much would a person in such a condition value any one who would bring deliverance? Well, just think of Mary Magdalene and Christ. She could not deliver herself from those spirits which tormented her night and day; nor could any of her friends cast them out of her. There was apparently no hope for her; she had to dread the

prospects which ever darkened before her, and her case must have been one of awful agony and despair. But, lo! Christ came into the world to destroy the works of the devil. He went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men, women, and children; and whoever came in his way, and were humbly wishful to share in his mercy, were sure to be accepted and blessed. He pitied Mary's case, and cast out of her the seven bad spirits by which she had been afflicted. What a deliverance! Much she loved her deliverer, and when he was crucified, deep sorrow filled her heart. Knowing where his dead body had been put, she and other women went early on the morning of the first day of the week, intending to embalm the body with spices; but when they had reached the sepulchre, the body was gone! Yes; but it was not removed by human hands, but by Divine power. We read that Christ had power to lay down his own life, and then to take it up; so that he arose from the dead by his own Almighty energy. As Mary and the other women who were with her were looking for the body of their Saviour, a heavenly messenger told them that it had risen. This was glad news, no doubt; but how much more cheering would it be to see their Lord in his risen state! Well, in this respect they were gratified; and Mary Magdalene was first honoured with her Lord's appearance. Figure to yourselves her feelings, and you will suppose her filled with joy and adoring love; while her Lord reminded her that, if she remained faithful in her attachment to him till death, she should be glorified with him, and have a body like

his in the kingdom of heaven. Turn to the engraving, and read carefully the 16th Chapter of St. Mark. J.

THE PRAYING SISTER.

A SUNDAY scholar being asked if she ever prayed aloud with her sisters, answered, "No; but I pray for them."

"And for what do you pray?"

"That they may have new hearts."

"A very good prayer indeed! and you pray for your parents?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you ask for them?"

"That they may have an interest in Christ."

If every child were to pray in sincerity for the same blessings, what a picture of love and harmony would be exhibited in many families, where a far different scene is presented, from the disobedience of children to parents.

OBEDIENCE TO MOTHERS.

A DUTIFUL and affectionate son having lost his mother, said to one of his friends, "I do not believe that anyone who knows me will charge me with having neglected my duty to my mother; but, since her death, I have recollected with sorrow many little instances in which, I think, I might have shewn her still more respect and attention." We fear that duty to mothers is by many young people strangely and unaccountably neglected: we hope, therefore, that the above example will be profitable to some of our young readers.

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

LITTLE Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"Oh, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book, "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange to think that large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing just such tiny seeds every day, Bessie; and they will come up large strong plants after awhile," said her father.

"Oh no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long time."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled, and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and trees, and weeds, to-day!"

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I shall have to tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your brother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing the seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing

seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie; and will grow up brightly and sweetly, if you water them well by a constant repetition of these acts. But, more than all, I hope that my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it, and allow it to grow and spread, until its branches reach the skies, and meet before his throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient while baby was cross, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you spoke crossly to Robert, you planted anger. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you showed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up by the root, my child. Do not suffer them to grow in your garden, or they will completely overrun it."

CHILDREN CAN DO SOMETHING.

Not many Sabbaths ago, when walking from the house of God, I overheard one of my scholars, a boy about ten years of age (with his little brother), shouting and making a great deal of noise. I gently remonstrated with him for doing so on the day that God has commanded all people to keep holy, but he seemed to pay little or no attention, and turned from me and commenced gathering moss and wild flowers. I felt deeply grieved at his conduct, and said, as I passed him,

"Do you remember what happened to the man that gathered sticks on the Sabbath day?"

He looked surprised, and said, "Yes, Ma'am," and immediately desisted.

I had, however, quite forgotten the incident, when, four or five Sundays after, as we were going to school, he came to meet me with such a pleased expression on his countenance, and said,

"If you please, Ma'am, my father began to chop some wood this morning, when my little brother went to him and said, 'Father, do you know what the man was done to, that gathered sticks on the Sunday?'"

The father at once dropped the hatchet, and laid aside the wood. He had quite forgotten about that, he said, till reminded of it by his child; and who can tell but that this word in season, from a child five years old, might make a lasting impression on the minds of his parents? May God grant that it may. To my young reader I would say, "Go, thou, and do likewise."

Perhaps you would like to read the account for yourselves, if you have not already done so. You may find it in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers, from the thirty-second to the thirty-sixth verse.

E. C.

BAD COMPANIONS.

I WILL not have for my friends or companions:—

1. Those who disobey their parents.
2. Those who take God's name in vain.
3. Those who use bad words.
4. Those who play truant, or do not try to get on with their learning.
5. Those who quarrel and fight.
6. Those who are cruel to birds, insects, or any living thing.

7. Those who break the Sabbath.

I may get more harm in one day from such bad companions, than all the good I get from my parents and teachers in a whole year. I will take care to shun them, and not forget the words, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not," Prov. i. 10.

I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

Lord help me by thy grace to be,
Lowly and kind of heart like thee;
Gentle and peaceful, meek and mild,
Thy servant, though a little child.

Extracted by E.

SIN IS A BAD MASTER.

THERE is an Arab fable of a miller, who one day was startled by a camel's nose being thurst in the window of the room where he was sleeping.

"It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in."

The miller was an easy man, and so the nose was let in.

"Let me get my neck in," said the camel, and it was done; and so he asked for a little, and a little more, until he got his whole body in.

The miller soon began to be put to much trouble at the rude companion he had got in a room not large enough for both.

"If you do not like it, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

There are many such camels knocking at the hearts of young and old. A bad habit or sin creeps humbly to the door of the heart, and says, "Let me in." So in comes the nose of the camel, and it

is not long before the entire body follows. The heart is at last full of the vice which at first peeped in so meekly. What should you do? Watch and pray against all sin, and pray for the Holy Spirit to enable you to overcome it. *Sent by* ELIZABETH.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city, that I love!
Beautiful gates of pearly white!
Beautiful temple, God its light!

Beautiful trees for ever there!
Beautiful fruits they always bear!
Beautiful rivers gliding by!
Beautiful fountains never dry!

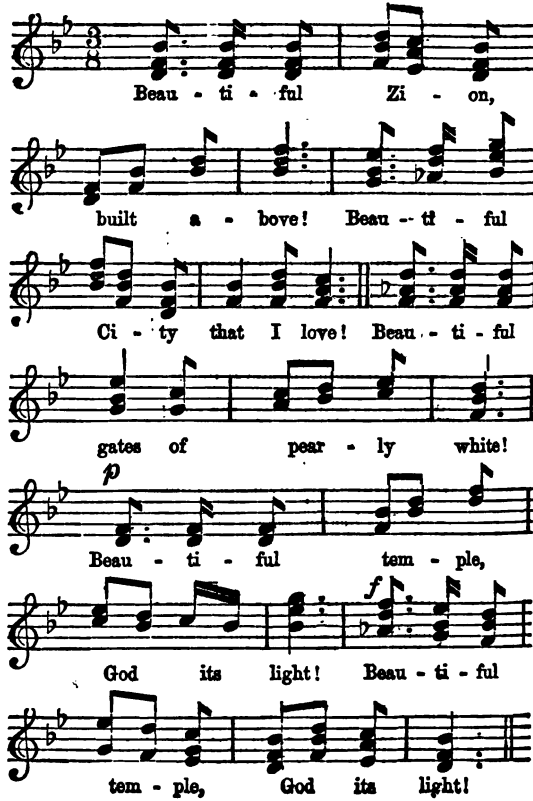
Beautiful light without the sun!
Beautiful day revolving on!
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold!
Beautiful streets of shining gold!

Beautiful heaven where all is light!
Beautiful angels clothed in white!
Beautiful songs that never tire!
Beautiful harps for all the choir!

Beautiful crowns on every brow!
Beautiful palms the conquerors show!
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear!
Beautiful all who enter there!

Beautiful throne for God the Lamb!
Beautiful seats at God's right hand!
Beautiful rest! all wanderings cease!
Beautiful home of perfect peace!

BEAUTIFUL ZION.



JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS.

In the annexed engraving, John Baptist is represented as in the act of preaching in the wilderness of Judea; and here we wish our young readers to consider who the preacher was, where he preached, what he preached about, and what kind of a preacher he was.

1. *Who the preacher was.* It was John Baptist. He was called John at his birth, according to angelic direction, and afterwards was named "Baptist." He was the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, two very pious persons, being "both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." He was a relation of our Lord Jesus Christ, and was born about six months before him. It was a great privilege to have such pious parents, and an honour to be related to the Saviour of the world; and John improved this privilege, served the Lord while young, was "full of the Holy Ghost," and, in due time, was sent by God to prepare the way of the Lord Jesus, as had been foretold by the prophet Isaiah, chap. xl. 3. He came to prepare the way of the Lord by preaching, not by raising an army to defend Jesus Christ, and bringing him with pomp and force to a palace and a throne. No! The kingdom of Jesus Christ is not an earthly kingdom, to be set up by fighting and bloodshed, but a spiritual kingdom which is established in the hearts of the people.

2. *Where did John Baptist preach?* Not in Jerusalem, the chief city of Judea, as London is the chief city of this kingdom; not in any of the other cities or great towns in Judea, but in the wilderness, or country parts, as the words are thought to mean, particularly the country parts about the river Jordan. John did not preach in the temple, nor in the synagogues, that we read of, but in the open air. He was a great field preacher, and his congregations would look much

like those at some of our large Camp Meetings in England.

3. *What did he preach about?* About the coming of Jesus Christ, the establishment of his kingdom, and the necessity of repentance, in order to be admitted into the Saviour's kingdom. He preached about men's sinfulness, and the sorrow they should feel for their sins, and how they should forsake them, and pray for forgiveness, and believe in Jesus Christ, who was coming just after him.

4. *What kind of a preacher was he?* He was not dressed in fine clothes; for "his raiment was of camel's hair, and he had a leathern girdle about his loins." He did not look like a fine gentleman, but like a very plain countryman, as he was. And his food was no better than what most of you eat, and perhaps not so good, for "his meat was locusts and wild honey;" such locusts, it is likely, as we read of in the book of Exodus, which God sent in such great swarms to punish the Egyptians: and such honey as was often found in the rocks and hollows of trees in the land of Judea. And as John was a plain countryman, he was also a very plain preacher. He did not use very fine hard words, which the people could not understand, but words so easy to be understood, that everybody knew what he meant by what he said. And he was a very popular preacher. His sermons were talked about all through the country, and all the inhabitants flocked in crowds to hear him. Even the townspeople, the citizens of Jerusalem, the soldiers, and also some of the learned men of the nation went to hear him. "Then went out to him

Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan." And yet he was a very faithful preacher. He feared nobody, but told everyone what was right, and reproved all who committed wickedness. Read what he said to the hypocritical Pharisees and Sadducees that came to him. (See Matt. iii. 7—10.) Would not this language make them tremble? He even reproved Herod the tetrarch, the governor or king of Judea, because he had taken his brother Philip's wife, his brother being still living; but for doing his duty, in this respect, John was first put into prison, and then beheaded, to please Herodias, the wicked woman whom Herod had taken. John's death was a cruel one; but he went from prison to heaven, and enemies and persecutors can disturb him no more. May you also do your respective duties faithfully, and finally follow John Baptist to heaven, through our Lord Jesus Christ! J. P.

LITTLE JANE;

OR, "BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER."

LITTLE Jane was born a cripple. She had never known the pleasure of a run on the green grass, in the beautiful fields. A game at ball, or hide-and-seek was quite unknown to little Jane. Still worse than this, she constantly suffered pain, and while other children were enjoying their merry games, little Jane lay on her couch trying in vain to find a few moments of ease. Little readers! have you ever thought what a sad thing it is to be lame? You can run, jump, play, and frisk about like little lambs; you enjoy all these pleasures; but do you

ever think about the great God, your Creator, who bestowed them upon you? and about those to whom He has seen fit to deny them? Perhaps you have never thought on such things. If so, remember, as you skip gaily along, that it is the eternal God who has given you health and strength; and should you know any little ones, who cannot play like you, be very kind to them.

I dare say you will fancy that little Jane was a very unhappy child, but, on the contrary, no little girl could be more cheerful than she was. Why was she so cheerful and happy? It was because she knew that her heavenly Father had sent her pain, and intended it for some wise end. She knew, too, that a bright and happy home was prepared for her, in a land

> "Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
> Are felt and feared no more,"

and where a kind and loving Saviour would "wipe all tears from her eyes." Such thoughts made her a happy child, and taught her to be good-tempered and kind through her long and trying illness. Jane's kind mamma bought her a little carriage, placed her couch upon it, upon which little Jane lay, and was drawn slowly into the beautiful fields. It was only now and then she could be allowed this indulgence. The pain in her back prevented her from being often moved; but when she did get out, it was quite delightful to witness her joy. She would express her gratitude to God her Father, who had given her strength to leave her bed, and to her dear mamma, who so unceasingly nursed her. The sweet, fresh air, the green grass, the

beautiful flowers, the rich blue sky, the warbling of the birds, were all sources of unspeakable pleasure, and she never repined at not being able to join in the sports of others.

While out with her mamma one day, little Jane's attention was drawn to a poor beggar girl, who implored them to give her something to eat. She was very pale, and just supported her feeble body by the aid of two crutches. Little Jane was much struck with her, and entreated her mamma to give the poor child some refreshment that had been placed in the carriage for herself. As they went home, her mamma noticed that she was silent more than usual, and at length asked what she was thinking about.

"Oh, dear, mamma," replied Jane, "I was thinking how kind God is to me. He has given me such a nice home, and such a kind, loving mamma, who gives me all I want; while that poor little girl has to beg even for a bit of bread. Oh, mamma, how kind God is to me," and she quite burst into tears.

That night, while saying her prayers, with her mamma bending over her, she stopped suddenly, and while the tears rose to her eyes, she said, "Let us pray for the poor little girl, mamma, and for all who are ill, and have no home or kind mamma to nurse them."

Dear little readers, let this simple story be a lesson to you, and "be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."

Sent by H. PORTNALL.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
  Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
  To him who placed me there:
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
  Because, my God, it pleases thee.

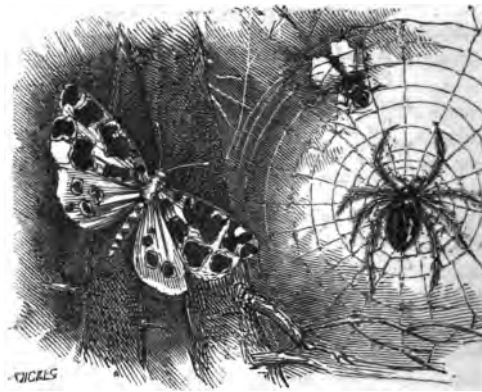
Naught have I else to do,
  I sing the whole day long;
And he whom most I love to please,
  Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
  But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
  A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
  Thou would'st not hear the less;
Because thou knowest as they fall,
  That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
  Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
  My heart's at liberty.
My prison wall cannot control
  The flight, the freedom of my soul.

Oh, it is good to soar,
  These bolts and bars above,
To him whose purpose I adore,
  Whose providence I love;
And in thy mighty will to find,
  The joy, the freedom of the mind.

Early Days.



A SILLY FLY, DISREGARDING WARNING, IS CAUGHT BY A SPIDER.

PERHAPS you remember that Solomon speaks about the spider. If you will take your Bibles, and turn to Prov. xxx. 28, you will find these words: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces!" The history of this insect is very interesting. If you look at a spider, you will find that its form differs from that of any other insect. Take a fly, a wasp, a moth: how unlike the shape of a spider! The spider's body is in two parts, the head and throat being united, and it has eight feet and six eyes. Some of these eyes are in one part, some in another. Sometimes when I see children asleep in a chapel, instead of listening to the preacher, I think if that boy or that girl cannot keep two eyes open, how would it be if they had each six, like the spider? Never, dear children,

go to sleep in a chapel, when you ought to be listening to the word of God.

I shall now tell you something about the spider's employment. Solomon calls the feet of the spider hands, and they are used as we use our hands. You remember how many hands or feet we told you the spider has? Yes, eight. Now, I will tell you what the spider does with all these hands. It makes webs, what we call cobwebs. Do you know where the spider gets its webs from? If your sister were to bring home something very pretty, you would want to know where she got it, or who gave it her. If you do not know a thing, always ask some one to tell you. Like the bee, gather honey from every flower; learn something from everybody. "Will you be so kind as to tell us where the spider gets its web from?" I will. It has a little bag inside it, which is something like gum, very sticky; and it pulls up little threads from this bag to make its web. The spider makes webs of all shapes; some are like a wheel, some are like a bell, some of one shape, and some of another.

"Can you tell us what the spider makes these webs for?" Yes; to catch flies, wasps, and moths. Sometimes the spider gets a large fly into its web, and as soon as it gets near this fly, it bites it, and it will be sure to die, because the bite of spiders is poisonous; a fly never lives after it has been bitten by a poisonous spider. You have seen a spider catch a poor little fly. Suppose I could take you into an old barn, and point you to a spider catching flies. Yonder, by that old wall is a large cobweb.

You are looking for the spider, but it is hidden behind a stone, just by the web. See, there is a little fly coming up to the web. "Well," says this fly to itself, "well, to be sure, what a very pretty web this is; what nice little ropes; how I should like just to put my little foot on them, and feel them?" Buzz, buzz, buzz. What's that coming? It is an old fly; I think it wants to speak to this little fly. Just listen.

"My dear little fly, don't, oh don't you put your little foot on those ropes that look so pretty! That is a spider's net: the spider is just behind that stone there; I can see him looking about; and if you get into the web, he will run out, and drag you into his den, and kill you."

But the little fly, instead of taking the old fly's advice, says, "Mind your own business, old fly! I am old enough to take care of myself: you only want to frighten me." So the young fly puts its foot upon the rope, and then tries to fly away again; but the rope sticks to its foot, and it pulls and pulls; but no, it cannot get out. Presently down runs the spider, catches hold of the poor little fly, and begins to drag it along to its den. "Oh," says the fly, "do let me go, Mr. Spider! I won't get in again. I wish I had attended to the old fly's advice; but it is too late." The cruel spider is deaf to all the fly has to say. It sucks the fly's blood, and puts the dead body out of sight.

Now, my dear children, you will see that the spider is the fly's enemy. We have an enemy who is called Satan. The spider is a very ugly-looking

thing; so is Satan. The spider is always on the look-out to do mischief; so is Satan. The spider has traps, so has Satan. Story-telling is one trap, stealing is another trap, bad temper is another trap. Attend to the advice your dear parents give you, and do not be like the proud little fly; keep away from the trap, or you will be caught. You have bad hearts, which tell you to do wrong; but pray to Jesus Christ to take away your bad hearts, and give you good hearts. Jesus loves children: they are his little lambs. Satan is the roaring lion, who would devour them. Let each of us go to Jesus, and say, "Kind Shepherd, gather me with thine arms, and carry me as a lamb in thy bosom."

A MOTHER'S KISS.

A child, whose infancy was joy,
  A little boy of noble mien;
Now tossing gaily many a toy,
  Now romping through the garden green:
His parents' blue-eyed little pet,
  Tripped up one morn, and down he fell:
His mother cried, "Come, Willie, let
  Me kiss the spot, and make it well."

A mother's kiss hath power to cure;
  Her love is balm for every wound;
Her gentle smile, her words so pure,
  Can heal the bruise, and make us sound.
And if there comes a bruised heart,
  And bitter tears arise and swell,
A mother's love still soothes the smart—
  A mother's kiss will make it well!

What matter if the world forget
  To praise us for the good we do?
Or, if it never pays the debt
  Which to our truthfulness is due?
A mother's sympathy is ours,
  Wherever on the earth we dwell;
Though gone for ever childhood's hours,
  The mother's-kiss still makes us well.

My mother's hair is gray, and mine
  Is slightly touched with silver streaks:
I am a full-grown man, but Time
  Has deeply marked my mother's cheeks...
Yet still her thrilling kiss is warm,
  Upon my brow imprinted well;
Through all my life it hath a charm,
  My mother's kiss, to make me well!

From infancy until to-day,
  In sickness, sorrow, and mistrust,
Her gentle words drive care away,
  And lift my spirit from the dust:
She tells me that the angels call,
  That she must go with God to dwell;
My broken heart! if such befall,
  No mother's kiss will make thee well.—ANON.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE ONES.

Now, children, if you will sit down and be very quiet for a few minutes, I will tell you a true story, about a dear little friend of mine. Her name was Sarah Catharine Kivell; her parents reside in a pretty cottage near Carlisle, in the township of East Flamboro. On the 8th day of July, 1856,

God lent them little Sarah, and allowed them to keep her till the 20th day of February, 1866, when he sent and took her home to live with him in heaven. As she had one sister and three little brothers, all gentle, affectionate children, whom she loved very much, and who all loved her dearly, you may think hers was a pleasant home, and so it was. Nor was she less a favourite at school than at home. Cheerful, obliging, and studious, she was the pet of her teacher and schoolmates. Thus loving every one, and being beloved by all, her life was as happy as life on earth could be. But Sarah, though tall of her age, and very active, was never strong, and last autumn she began to grow paler and weaker than ever, and for several weeks in winter was scarcely able to walk about the house. At last, the doctor told her parents that he could do no more for her. When told that she must die, she only smiled and said, "I shall be glad to die." Was it not wonderful, dear children, how a loving, timid, playful little girl, should be willing to exchange a pleasant home and kind friends for the shroud, the coffin, and the cold, dark grave? How a lively little creature could be glad to die? I will tell you how it was.

One evening, about two years ago, her sister noticed that Sarah wept very bitterly while praying at her bedside, before retiring, and upon asking the cause of her tears, Sarah replied that her sins were so great and so many that she feared they could never be forgiven. The little sister, herself a babe in Christ, tried to point her to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, assuring

her that she would certainly obtain forgiveness if she would but ask in Jesus' name; and in a short time Sarah was enabled to say that she loved the Saviour because he first loved her. From that time, said her sister, she was always afraid of doing or saying anything that might displease her Heavenly Father.

Finding her in tears one night, not long before her death, her mother tenderly asked, "What ails my darling?"

"Oh," she answered, "I was just thinking how lonely you, and papa, and sister Emily, and my little brothers will be without me, and how sad it is to leave you all, you are so very kind."

"Would you rather get well, then?" asked her mother.

"Oh, no," she quickly replied; "I love you all, and would like to stay with you; but I love Jesus better, and would rather go to be with him."

She sometimes talked to her eldest brother about his duty to God and his parents, begging him to be a good boy, and try to meet her in heaven. Calling her father to her bedside one day, she looked up into his face and said, "I have two requests to make of you, papa: that you will never neglect the house of God, nor family prayer." Wearily turning her head one afternoon, she murmured, "Oh, I am so weary. I would like, if Jesus could send and take me just now."

I might tell you many other interesting things, about her schoolmates coming to sing for her, and what she said to them, and others; but I think I have told you enough to show that a little girl, not

eight years old, could feel that she was a sinner, and seek and obtain the forgiveness of her sins; that she could live a Christian life, and die happy in Jesus' love. And, now, if religion could do this for one little child, why can it not do the same for all? For you, my dear? and you? It can, for the Saviour says, "They that seek me early shall find me." He is still willing to take little children in his arms and bless them. Oh, come to him now.—*Canadian Christian Journal.*

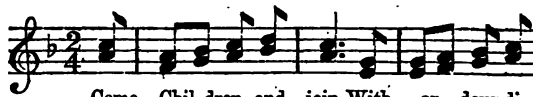
THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

Come, children, and pray, Lord, hasten the day,
When sinners shall know
The Spirit that loves—the Saviour who saves—
The grace that redeems—the richest of themes—
And the earth shall be filled
With glory—and Christ most fully revealed.

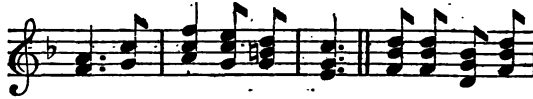
Come, children, and sing, to Jesus our king,
Hosannas of joy;
Yes, sing unto Him, who died to redeem
Unite heart and voice—together rejoice,
And help to proclaim,
Salvation and life in Jesu's great name.

Come, children, and give, for Christ will receive
Your offerings of love:
And he on his throne, will say 'tis "well done."
Come, then, and all join with ardour divine,
And with sanctified mirth,
To sound the great trump to the ends of the earth.

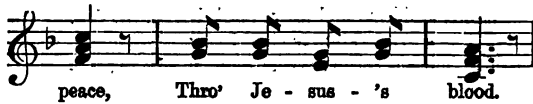
CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.



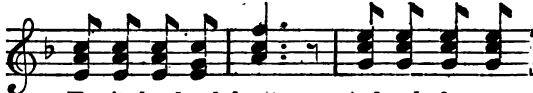
Come Chil-dren, and join With ar - dour di-



vine, And strive to do good; By pub-lish-ing

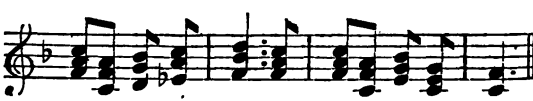


peace, Thro' Je - sus - 's blood.



U - nite hand and heart, And each do your

part, For the Ju - bi - lee Year, And



so let your love To Je - sus ap - pear.

THE CORMORANT.

THE name of this bird occurs in Lev. xi. 17, and Deut. xiv. 17, where it is classed among the unclean fowls which the Jews were forbidden to eat. We also meet with the name in Isa. xxxiv. 11, and Zeph. ii. 14; but as another word is employed in the Hebrew original of these places, it is perhaps better translated *pelican*, as in the margin of our Bibles.

The Cormorant is a sea or water bird, about the size of a large duck. Its head and neck are of a

deep black; its body thick and heavy, and of a dark green colour; its bill is straight, except at the end, which bends into a hook; its toes are united by a web, and its legs are so flattened at the sides that the front edge, which cuts the water, is scarcely thicker than a common knife. It has a very voracious appetite, and lives mostly on fish, which it is very expert at catching. It is said to eat three or four pounds of fish every day, an amount about half its own weight.

The cunning Chinese fishermen are reported to take advantage of the expertness of the cormorant at fishing. They fasten an iron ring or leather belt around the bird's neck, so that it cannot swallow; and carefully watching the water, the bird is cast in at the proper time, when it dives with great skill, and generally brings up a fish. It is also said that the cormorant was formerly used in England for the same purpose; and "the master of the cormorants" was an officer attached to the royal household.

Though this bird is chiefly found by the sea-side, it sometimes makes its way up the rivers. Bingley relates an instance of one which was seen sitting on the steeple of St. Martin's church, Ludgate Hill, London, and was shot there, in the presence of many people. Colonel Montagu kept a bird of this kind. When he received it, he fed it well; and after he withdrew to his library, he was surprised in a few minutes to see the stranger walk boldly into the room, and take its place at the fire-side with the most friendly air, and there it continued dressing its feathers until it was removed into the place provided for it. J. P.

ANNA GREY.

SWEET little Anna Grey!

Anna was the youngest pet of five children, and reached her fifth year without discovering any of the wilful, passionate propensities that generally develope themselves even in infancy.

Anna (or Nanna, as was the self-chosen name by which she liked to be called) was a lovely child, slight and active, with deep blue eyes, and clear transparent complexion. From infancy she possessed an unchildlike influence over her sometimes turbulent brothers and sisters. Her soft voice would rouse them from many an evil temper that for the time obscured the pleasure of their play or duty. When a mere baby she one day observed a frown and an unlovely look upon the face of her sister Amy, and going to her she looked into her face, and said—

"Gentle Jesus, *meek* and *mild*, not like sissy Amy."

A bright smile from both children showed that, at least for the time, Satan's reign was over.

Mrs. Grey, who overlooked the scene, thanked God that she had at least *one* peacemaker amongst her little ones. About a year after this the faint colour began to fade from Nanna's almost angelic face, the little form grew slighter, and it soon became evident to all that Anna was one of God's early chosen lambs. The face grew sweeter than ever, with its fair hair curling back from the delicate features, and the parents clasped to their bosoms, with mournful earnestness, the bud that to them had been the sweetest and fairest.

At last, Nanna grew so ill she could not leave the house, but would lie almost motionless for hours. One day her mamma was sitting by the fire, with her eyes closed, thinking her darling was asleep, when she was aroused by a little hand touching hers. Looking up she saw Nanna had risen, and stood with her earnest eyes fixed upon her mother's.

"Does mamma think Jesus *wants* Nanna?" she said softly.

Mrs. Grey answered—

"Would my little one wish to leave us if Jesus did?"

"I love you all, mamma; but if Jesus Christ *does* want me, I should like to go."

"Well, my dearest, I think it very likely Jesus *will* fetch you soon," said Mrs. Grey sadly.

Nanna said no more then, but shortly afterwards added—

"Shall Nanna give mamma's love to cousin Mary and auntie, who are in heaven?"

"Yes, my little one," said Mrs. Grey, clasping her child to her bosom, that she might not see the tears that had arisen.

At night, when Mr. Grey came home, Nanna asked him if he had any message for cousin Mary and auntie. He replied—

"My darling, tell them that we will all come to you as soon as it is God's will."

"But will Amy, and Willie, and Johnny, and Lucy come?" said the little one, raising herself, and looking earnestly at the children.

They looked down; but as she pleaded, one by one they promised; then, until bed-time, Anna

was cheerful, and almost her playful self again. But the next morning a change had taken place: the waxen cheeks were crimson — were flushed with fever; the large blue eyes unnaturally bright, yet languid, and Nanna was very near home.

Until night she lay as if asleep; but about six o'clock she asked her mother to tell her one verse to think about. Mrs. Grey told her, "Suffer little children," &c. Nanna shut her eyes again, and for some time her little voice softly mumured the sweet words to herself.

When her papa came home she had the same request for him. He repeated to her, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," &c.

Nanna opened those blue eyes, and smiling sweetly, said—

"Yes, that's nice! Nanna's eyes shall see the King in His beauty, and to-day, *too!*"

She repeated it several times in a whisper, as if to gather all its sweetness; then rousing herself, she called for her brothers and sisters to bid them "good-bye." She told them, "that they, too, would see the King in His beauty, as they had *promised her* they would come to her." When they had left the room, she called her papa and mamma, and said—

"Good-bye, darling mamma, Jesus has come for me, and I must go; you will come, papa! I can see the King in His beauty! Oh, it is all so beautiful and bright! Dear papa, kiss me; both of you, for I am going! Good-bye!"

They bent to kiss her.

Before morning little Anna's happy spirit had

gone; her bright eyes had seen the King in His beauty, and the land that is afar off. And in the morning when the children went noiselessly into the room to see their little angel sister, they found her tiny hands folded meekly upon the cold bosom, the blue eyes closed, but the bright smile still upon her face would scarcely allow them to think she was gone. They touched the cold face, and their mamma told them that Jesus had fetched their Nanna to be with the angels. Then Amy, the eldest, said solemnly—

"I hope Jesus will take us as He has taken our Nanna, for she must be happy; only see her smiling face!"

And, in truth, it bore the angel's signet.

Copied by J. H. E. A. BOOTHBY.

A SENSIBLE QUESTION.

"MAMMA," said a child, "my Sabbath-school tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a little while that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see any preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here; but I don't see any one preparing to go to heaven. If everybody wants to go there, *why don't they try to get ready?*"

EVENING HYMN.

1. JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
   Bless thy little lamb to-night;
   Through the darkness be thou near me,
   Keep me safe till morning light.

2. Through this day thy hand has led me,
   And I thank thee for thy care;
   Thou hast warmed me, clothed, and fed me,
   Listen to my evening prayer.

3. Let my sins be all forgiven,
   Bless the friends I love so well;
   Take me when I die to heaven,
   Happy there with thee to dwell.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

BE present with us, heavenly Guest,
From whom all blessings flow;
O feed us with the bread of life,—
May we in knowledge grow.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

WE thank thee, uncreated Good,
For these Thy mercies given;
O wash us all in Jesus' blood,
Prepare our souls for heaven.

Sent by H. J. A., JUN.

DAVID WITH THE HEAD OF GOLIATH.

THE history of the young shepherd, David, killing the giant Goliath, may be found in the 16th and 17th chapters of the First Book of Samuel. Take your Bibles, my young friends, and read the account attentively, and then endeavour to answer the following questions:—

1. To whom did the Lord send Samuel?
2. Of what was Samuel afraid?
3. Did he do what God ordered that he should do?

4. Whom did he call to the sacrifice?
5. Why did the Lord say he refused Eliab?
6. How many of Jesse's sons did the Lord refuse?
7. Which one was chosen?
8. What did Samuel do to David?
9. What happened to Saul when God took away his Holy Spirit from him?
10. Who was taken to play before the king?
11. Against whom was Saul's army fighting?
12. Who was Goliath?
13. How did he look?
14. What did the Israelites do when they heard him speak?
15. How did it happen that David was with the army?
16. What did he ask when he saw Goliath?
17. What did his brother Eliab say?
18. What did David say to Saul?
19. Did David wear the armour the king gave him?
20. What did he take?
21. What did the Philistine say?
22. How did David kill him?
23. After the Philistine was dead, what did David do?
24. Whither did they bring David after he had killed Goliath?

A LITTLE GIRL'S ANSWER.

A TEACHER to her scholars said,
"If I could give to you
A bright and costly golden crown,
What would you with it do?"

One little boy thus answered her:
"If it were given to me,
My father should the treasure keep
Till I a man should be."

"A coach and horses I would buy,"
Another boy replied;
"And like a gentleman I would
About the country ride."

A little girl then meekly said,
"If such a prize were mine,
I'd cast it at the Saviour's feet,
And say, my Lord, 'tis thine."—J. Dore.

THE LORD WILL HEAR THY PRAYERS.

May I try to lisp His praise,
Who protects my infant days;
Will the Lord of glory hear?
Will He, mother?—Yes, my dear.

May I pluck the flowers that grow;
Will he make fresh blossoms blow;
Will the Lord of Heaven above
Let me love Him?—Yes, my love.

Oh! I will then, I will say
Make me better every day;
Make me gentle, good, and kind;—
He will hear thee thou wilt find.

Ere I partake of sustenance
I surely ought to think
How much I owe to Providence
For all my meat and drink;

And ere I from my meals depart
Let grateful thoughts arise;
A truly humble, grateful heart,
Is pleasing in His eyes.

Then in the solemn, silent pause,
Lord, teach us how to pray
That Thou Thy blessing may impart,
And lead us in Thy way.

SO HARD TO BE GOOD.

TOMMY WILSON came home one day with tears in his eyes; he ran and laid his head on his mother's lap, and sobbed aloud. She pushed the curls back from his forehead, kissed him, and said, "What is the matter, my son?"

"Oh, ma," he answered, "it's so hard to be good!"

"What makes you think so, Tommy?"

"Why you know, mamma, yesterday was Sabbath, and you talked to me in the evening about having a new heart, and told me that I must pray to God, and he would give me one, and that then I would love everybody, and always feel happy, and not be afraid to die. And I thought that I would like to have such a heart; and I prayed when I went to bed, and as soon as I woke in the morning I remembered about it, and prayed again; and it seemed to me as if I *had* a new heart—I felt so happy; and when I went to school, I tried to be kind to all the boys, and to learn my lessons, and to be good. But this noon George Johnson snatched my ball, and I got angry and called him a thief. And when we were playing Charley Smith struck me, and before I thought I struck him back again. And coming home this afternoon, James Lewis called me a coward, and I called him a liar. And so, ma, I keep forgetting and doing wrong, and no matter how hard I try, I can't be good."

Mrs. Wilson thought a minute, and then said, "Do you remember, Tommy, riding down hill on your sled, last winter?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, the hill was covered with

snow, and it was beat down until it was almost as smooth as ice; and we went down so fast that it almost took away my breath."

"Well, my son, but did you go up as fast?"

"Oh no, ma; it was slow, hard work getting up. We would slip back at almost every step, and we couldn't go up at all in the place where we slid down, but had to go round to the other side, where the snow was not worn so smooth and slippery."

"Then it was easier to go down than to go up, and the oftener you went down on your sled, the smoother the snow got, and the faster you could go?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, Tommy, when God made Adam and Eve, and put them in the garden, it was as easy for them to do right as to do wrong. It was like walking on level ground; they could go one way as well as the other. But they chose to do wrong, and ever since then the world has been like the side of a mountain. It is up hill toward heaven, and down hill toward hell. I cannot tell you, my son, why it is so, any more than I can tell you why God made a hill out there instead of a level plain; but everybody finds it so. And then by doing wrong, we make the down hill more and more slippery all the time. Our evil habits are like your sled; they smooth the way so that we go faster and faster. It's hard work even to stop doing wrong, just as hard as for you to stop your sled when half way down, and going like a race-horse. And it is still harder to go up. We are all the time slipping back. We find our old habits tripping us up at every step."

"Then, ma, we might as well give up trying," said Tommy, in a sad and bitter tone.

"Did my little boy say so last winter, when he was climbing up hill to ride down on his sled? He slipped a great many times, and once or twice fell quite down in the snow; but he scrambled up again and kept on trying, because he wanted to have the pleasure of riding down so swift over the smooth snow. Will Tommy care more for a few minutes' sport than for being good and going to heaven?"

Tommy felt ashamed of what he had said. He laid his head in his mother's lap, and what his thoughts were I cannot tell.

A FEW WORDS TO THE YOUNG.

How many little children are destitute of proper food and clothing, because their fathers spend their money in the public-house! A little boy lately asked his father to come away from one of these places; but his father abused him, and sent him away. Alas! many fathers have done so.

Little children, whose parents fear God and deny themselves of many comforts to provide them with food, raiment, good books, and many other things, should be very grateful, and remember that God says, "Children, obey your parents, for this is right."

One fine Sabbath morning in the latter part of April, 1866, five children walked out of a city in this country with their father, who was going to a village to preach the Gospel. About a mile out of the city is a pool by the roadside where some

years ago a melancholy accident occurred. A person fell from his horse in a state of intoxication, and was drowned. Let me tell my little readers that these five children are members of the Band of Hope society, and if they continue faithful abstainers from strong drink, it will be a blessing to them in years to come. I hope all the readers of the CHILD'S FRIEND will be preserved from the many evils to which strong drink leads, and will remember their duty to God, to their parents, and to each other. Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." W. B.

WHO WILL BE BRAVE?

IT is said, that an old man who had well fought the battle of life, and who now seemed on the borders of eternity, was one day wondering who would supply his place now that his work seemed almost done, when a company of old men passed him, saying, "We have been brave, we have been brave." This could not comfort the old warrior, for had not he been brave as well as they? Another company passed him, not old and decrepit, but men full of health and vigour, and in the prime of life, who, as they went, said, "We are brave, we are brave." The old man shook his head mournfully, saying, "Ay, but who will supply your place?" They pointed to a group of healthy children coming after them, who were saying, "We will be brave, we will be brave."

Now, dear children, I want you to see by this short account that Jesus has had his brave soldiers;

but many of them have laid down their arms, and are now enjoying true peace, and singing in heaven the conqueror's song. There are other brave men in the field, fighting under his banner against the world and sin; but these too will be passing away, and when their heads shall lie low in the dust, it is to you who are Sabbath-scholars that we are looking to supply their places, and it is from you we are expecting to hear the cry of "We will be brave, God helping us, we will be brave." ANON.

MEDITATION.

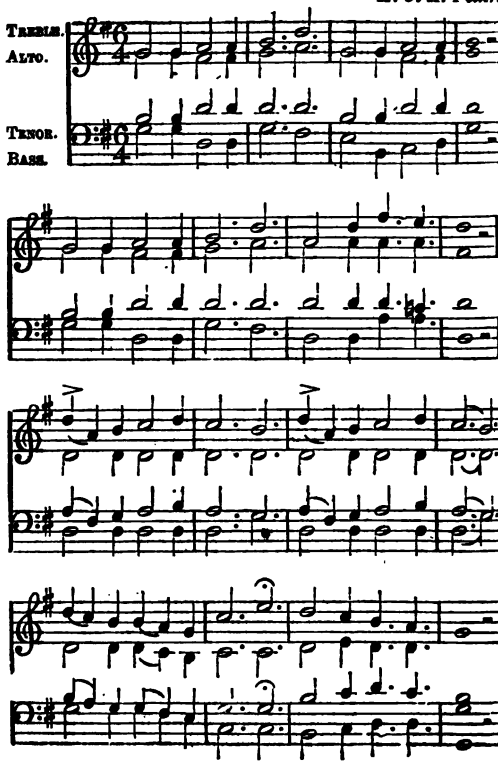
WHY that look of sadness?
  Why that downcast eye?
Can no thoughts of gladness
  Lift thy soul on high?
Oh! thou heir of heaven,
  Think of Jesu's love,
While to thee is given
  All His grace to prove.

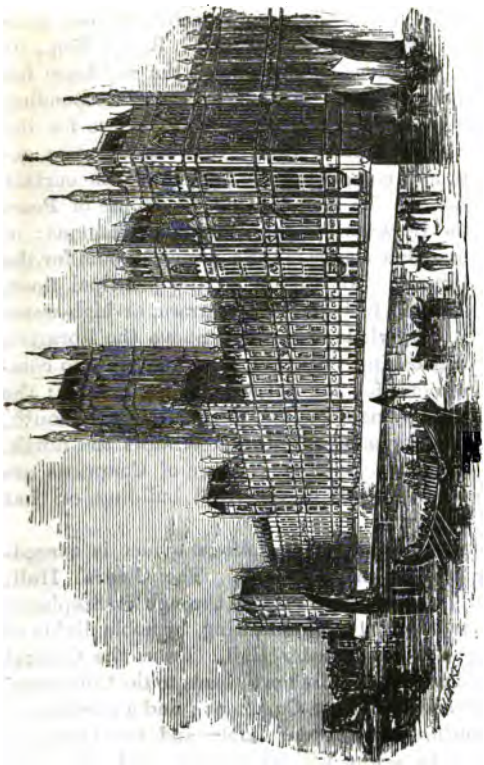
Is thy burdened spirit
  Agonised for sin?
Think of Jesu's merit,—
  He can make thee clean!
Think of Calvary's mountain,
  Where His blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain,
  Wash away thy guilt.

Is thy spirit drooping?
  Is the tempter near?
Still on Jesus hoping,
  What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee,
  Gird thy armour on,
Heir of grace and glory,
  Struggle for thy crown.

MEDITATION.

A. J. A. Potter.





THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE old Houses having been destroyed by fire, Oct. 15th, 1834, the present structure was commenced, from the designs of C. Barry, Esq., in 1840. The river-front includes the residence for the Speaker at the north end, the corresponding side towards the south being the residence for the Usher of the Black Rod. Between the two extremes, and comprising what are called the curtain portions, are the libraries for the House of Peers and the libraries for the House of Commons; in the immediate centre is the conference-room for the two Houses. All this is on the principal floor, about fifteen feet above the terrace, or high-water mark. The whole of the floor above the libraries, and overlooking the river, is appropriated to committee-rooms for the purposes of Parliament; the Peers occupying about one-third towards the south, and the Commons two-thirds towards the north. The House of Peers and House of Commons are situated in the rear of the front building, or that next the river.

The plan of this truly national edifice is exceedingly simple and beautiful. The Central Hall, seventy feet square, is reached through St. Stephen's Hall and Porch, communicating, by noble flights of steps, with Westminster Hall. From the Central Hall, a corridor to the north leads to the Commons' Lobby and House of Commons; and a corridor to the south, to the Peers' Lobby and the House of Peers. In a line with the House of Lords, still further to the south, are the Victoria Hall, the Royal Gallery, and the Queen's Robing-room, com-

municating with the Royal Staircase and the Victoria Tower, at the south-west corner of the pile, in Abingdon Street, for Her Majesty's state entrance.

The construction throughout is externally of hard magnesian limestone, from North Anstone, in Yorkshire, near Worksop, in Notts. It is a beautiful close-grained stone, of a texture considerably harder than Portland, and somewhat warmer in colour. The interior stonework is from Caen. The bearers of the floor are of cast-iron, with brick arches turned from girder to girder; the entire roofs are of wrought iron, covered with cast-iron plates galvanised; so that the carcases of the entire buildings are fireproof, not any timber having been used in their construction. The whole building stands on a bed of concrete, twelve feet thick; and the materials already used include from eight to nine hundred thousand tons of stone, twenty-four millions of bricks, and five thousand tons of iron.

Some idea of the magnitude of this national edifice may be formed, when it is stated that the Palace to the eastward presents a frontage of nearly one thousand feet. It covers an area of nine statute acres; the great tower, at the south-western extremity, reaches the gigantic elevation of three hundred and forty-six feet. Towers of lesser magnitude crown other portions of the building. Fourteen halls, galleries, vestibules, and other apartments of great capacity and noble proportion, are contained within its limits. It comprises eight official residences, each first-rate mansions; twenty

corridors and lobbies are required to serve as the great roadways through this aggregate of edifices; thirty-two noble apartments facing the river are used as committee-rooms. Libraries, waiting-rooms, dining-rooms, and clerks' offices, exist in abundant measure; eleven greater courts and a score of minor openings give light and air to the interior of the fabric. Its cubic contents exceed fifteen millions of feet, being one-half greater than St. Paul's; and it contains not fewer than between five and six hundred distinct apartments, amongst which is a chapel for Divine worship, formed out of the crypt of old St. Stephen's.

The House of Lords is situate on the northern side of the building, about two hundred yards east of the Victoria Tower. The exterior presents no enriched architectural features; but its massive walls are well proportioned, and please the eye by their solid appearance. As seen from the House-court, the exterior shows a low and boldly embattled portion, resting on an arcade of flattened arches, with windows of square form, traceried, and having moulded weather tables; a string-course, with paterœ, runs along above the windows. This portion serves as the corridor of the house, and projects many feet from the main building. Above this, the six finely-proportioned windows of the house are seen, and between each a plain massive buttress. The windows have weather tables; and a string-course, with paterœ, decorates the walls above the windows, whilst lofty battlements crown the whole.

The interior presents a noble room, ninety feet

by forty-five feet, and in height forty feet: without doubt the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe. The general effect on entering is gorgeous in the extreme: such a blaze of gilding, carvings, and coloured decorations, is not to be elsewhere found in England; whilst the noble proportions of the apartment, the elaborately carved panels, and the brilliant colours which meet the eye on every side, contribute to produce a *coup-d'œil* at once startling and beautiful. At the upper end is the throne, which her Majesty occupies on state occasions; to the right is a chair for the Prince of Wales. The Lord Chancellor sits immediately below the throne, on what is called the woolsack; and to the right and left are benches, covered with red Morocco leather, for the exclusive use of the peers. There is a bar across the house at the end opposite the throne, without which the Usher of the Black Rod is stationed. Access to the house during the sitting of Parliament may be obtained on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursday, when the Lord Chancellor hears appeals; and on Saturdays, from 11 till 5 o'clock, by tickets, to be had by application at the Lord Chancellor's office, every Wednesday.

LITTLE WILLIE TURNER.

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away."

In heaven there are a great many little children, and one more was added to its ever increasing

throngs on Tuesday, May 23rd, when little Willie Turner, of Derby, died. He was younger than many little boys and girls who will read this account of him, for he was not much more than six years of age.

Now, I am going to tell you what Willie loved. Most children love play, and toys, and toffy. Well, it is not wrong to love such things; but he loved other things besides these. He was very fond of reading good little books, especially the CHILD'S FRIEND. He was delighted when the day came that brought this little magazine. He did not only look at the pretty pictures, but he read its simple stories with great interest. Another thing he loved was the house of God. He was glad when Sunday morning came, and would inquire who was planned to preach. The Sunday before he died he asked his mother whether she was going to chapel. She replied that she was going to stay with him. He then asked to be taken to the window, that he might see the people going to the Lord's house.

Willie only murmured once during his illness, and why do you think he then murmured? Not because of pain, but because he could not go to chapel. If you have health to go, be sure and thank God for it, and try to feel as well as say,—

> "I have been there, and still would go,—
> 'Tis like a little heaven below."

Then Willie was very fond of singing. I cannot tell you all his favourite hymns, but I will mention one or two. He often sang the hymn the first line of which is,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

And the hymn,—

"Shall we all meet again?"

When he was very poorly, and could not sing himself, his mother sang to him. The day before he died, after she had sung several pieces, he wished her to sing the verse commencing,—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin."

And he sang with the little strength he had,—

"I want to be an angel."

Poor boy! but now he is an angel, and how very sweetly will his infant voice, soft and clear, ring amidst the songs of the angels!

Do you, my dear young friend now reading this, love to sing about Jesus? Never sing bad songs, but sing good hymns, and then Jesus will love you.

Last of all, I must tell you, that Willie, like every good child, loved to say his prayers. When his mother was busy up-stairs making beds or attending to other matters, he would go and sit near her, and when he saw she had finished, he would say, "Let us pray before we go down, mother;" and at the conclusion of her prayer, he would meekly repeat the Lord's prayer.

Do you love your prayers? If not, ask God to give you a prayerful heart, for none go to heaven that don't love prayer.

Now, when you have finished reading this, try to become like little Willie, a lover of good little books, of the Lord's house, of singing, and of prayer. May the Lord bless you and help you. Amen.

J. COOPER ANTLIFF.

THE APE.

APES are not natives of the Holy Land; but Solomon, the wise King of Israel, who was fond of studying natural history, had some brought by his ships, perhaps as objects of curiosity.

Apes are furnished with hands instead of paws, and their ears, eyelids, lips, and breasts, have some resemblance to those of human beings. They can walk nearly upright, and slightly differ from monkeys.

They are generally mild and gentle. If they are caught and beaten, they will sigh, groan, and weep like children. But they will unite in self-defence, and seek to avenge an injury done to any one of their company. It is reported that an English officer travelling in the East Indies, seeing

several large apes on the trees, ordered his carriage to be stopped that he might look at their movements, and then directed a servant to shoot one of them. His native attendants begged that it might not be done, lest the other apes should show their revenge. Their desire was not granted; one of the apes was shot at; but no sooner did it fall wounded, than about sixty large apes rushed down from the trees in a state of fury, and leaped upon the coach of the officer; and such was their rage, that they would soon have killed him, had not his servants come to his rescue. With great difficulty they saved their master; but the enraged animals continued to run after the carriage for at least three miles from the spot where their companion was shot.

Such is the blindness of the human understanding through sin, and such its proneness to idolatry, that apes have frequently received divine honours. This was the case in ancient Egypt; and even in the present day they are worshipped as gods by many of the natives of India and Japan. Temples are built for them, in which they are kept, and where they are delicately fed. In one part of India three hospitals have been built for sick and aged apes; and to kill one of them is reckoned a great sin. How much do these people need the Gospel, that they may learn to worship the true God, and trust in him alone through his Son Jesus Christ! Should we not do what we can to send them the Gospel, and earnestly pray for their conversion to Christianity? May we also improve the blessed privileges with which we are favoured, and worship the Lord aright in spirit and in truth. J. P.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL

Who Died in the Second Year of Her Age.

Our loved one is no more,
  She has resigned her breath;
Her sufferings now are o'er,
  Her eyes are closed in death.

Brief was her earthly stay,—
  Keen and severe her pain;
Soon she was called away
  With Christ above to reign.

Just like the morning flower
  That opens to the sun,
And droops within an hour,
  So fell our dearest one.

She has reached the happy shore,
  Fair Zion's courts above,
Where storms can rage no more,
  But all is peace and love.

We'll haste to meet her there,
  Beyond the starry sky,
Where all are young and fair
  And loved ones never die.

Then, O! how sweet to be
  With Christ in glory blest,
Our friends again to see,
  And with them ever rest.

No tear-drop dims the eye,
  No sorrows ever come;
It is the land of endless joy,
  The saints' eternal home. T. W.

THE FARMER'S OLD CLOCK.

"Now George," said grandfather, "you may read me that tale about the farmer's old clock." "I will," said George, "but I want you to tell me what some of the words mean, for I have read it over once, and don't understand what the dial and pendulum mean."

"The dial, George, is the face of the clock, where the figures are that tell us what time it is; and the pendulum is that which swings backward and forward inside the long case. When it stops swinging the clock stops. Now go on."

So George began :—"An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial was alarmed; the hands made a vain effort to go on; the wheels remained motionless; the weights hung dead, and each of them felt disposed to lay the blame on the other. At length the dial asked what was the matter, when hands, wheels, and weights with one voice said it was not their fault. But now a faint tick was heard from the pendulum, who thus spoke,—'I confess myself to be the cause of this stoppage, and I am willing to assign my reasons. The truth is this, that I am tired of ticking.' Upon hearing this the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of striking. 'Lazy fellow!' exclaimed the dial holding up both its hands. 'Very good,' replied the pendulum; 'it is very easy for you, mistress dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself above me—it is very

well for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You who have nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year as I do.' 'As to that,' said the dial, 'is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?' 'For all that,' said the pendulum, 'it is very dark here; and although there is a window I dare not stop even for an instant to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life, and if you wish I'll tell you how I took disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to reckon how many times I should have to tick in the course of the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum.' The minute hand, being quick at figures, presently replied, 'Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.' 'Exactly so,' replied the pendulum; 'well, I appeal to you all if the very thought of this is not enough to tire one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so thinks I to myself, I'll stop.' The dial, who could scarcely keep its countenance during this talk, thus replied, 'Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this lazy fit. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do, which although it may

tire us to think of it, the question is whether it will tire us to do it. Would you now do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes?' The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. 'Now,' said the dial, 'was that exertion at all too much for you?' 'Not in the least,' replied the pendulum, 'it is not of of six strokes I complain, or of sixty, but of millions.' 'Very good,' said the dial, 'recollect that though you may think of a million strokes in a moment, you are required to move but one, and that however often you may have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.' 'That staggers me, I confess,' said the pendulum. 'Then I hope,' resumed the dial, 'we shall all quickly return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed if we all stand idling thus.' Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence to proceed, when as with one consent the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and—to its credit—ticked as loud as ever, while a red beam of the now rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen window shining full upon the dial it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

"When the farmer came down stairs that morning he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night."

When George had read this amusing tale to his grandfather he asked what it all meant.

"It means, George," said the wise old man, "that we should not grumble when we have work to do, or complain that we do more than others. It

is a good thing always to mind our own work and do it, and do it well, and at the right time. The Son of God when he came to save us from our sins, had a great work to do, and he did it, though it cost him his life. And now, George, the greatest work you have to do in this world is to work out your own salvation, God working in you to will and do that great work." *Sent by* E. C.

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, and son of James I., who died when young, had so great an aversion to the profanation of God's name, that he was never once heard to take it in vain, though his father was too apt to be guilty of this sin.

When the prince was asked Why he did not swear at play as others did, he answered, that he knew no game worthy of an oath.

His royal highness was once hunting a stag; it happened that the stag being hard run, crossed a road, where a butcher and his dog were passing,—the dog instantly set upon and killed the stag, which was so large that the butcher could not carry it away. When the huntsmen and company came up they expressed great resentment, and endeavoured to incense the prince against the butcher. But he answered coolly, "What if the butcher's dog killed the stag, could the butcher help it?"

They replied, "That if his father had been so served, he would have sworn so, that no man could have endured it."

"Away!" rejoined the prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LITTLE children, love each other;
Do not vex your little brother;
Do not teaze him, try to please him,—
Take him by the hand and lead him:
Keep him out of danger's way.

Do not chide your little sister;
Do not grieve her, kindly treat her,
Live in love and peace together.
Let it be your chief endeavour
Each to do the other good.

Love your father, love your mother,
Love your sister, love your brother;
May you live and die forgiven,
Then with Jesus Christ in heaven
You shall live for evermore.

J. ASHMAN.

WE LOVE TO COME.

OH! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
And learn of our teachers dear,
Who point us with love, to our home above,
And the crown that awaits us there.

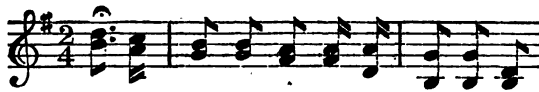
Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love him more.

Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
But we would not come alone:
We would each bring in from the depths of sin
Some wretched wandering ones,

Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
Who know not of God or heaven;
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast
Which our Father's love hath given.

Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

WE LOVE TO COME.



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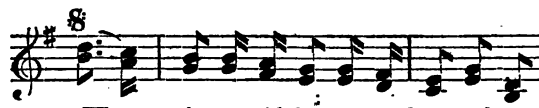
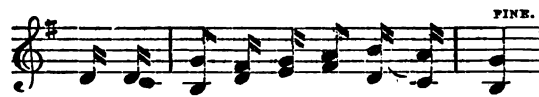
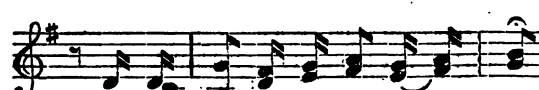


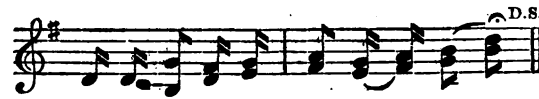
Who point us, with love, to our home a-bove,



And the crown that a-waits us there.



And the crown that a-waits us there,



And the crown that a - waits us there.